# KNAVE

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Celebrated Ups and Downs

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# KNAVE

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6
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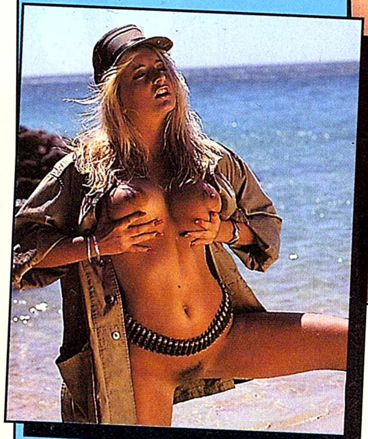


19
JILL
Daniel Mayor

24
FROM WAR ZONE TO O-ZONE
Stallone tells it like it is

28
GLOBAL WARMING
French Fancies

37
CHECKOUT THE ACTION

42
ELIZABETH
Geoff Hayes

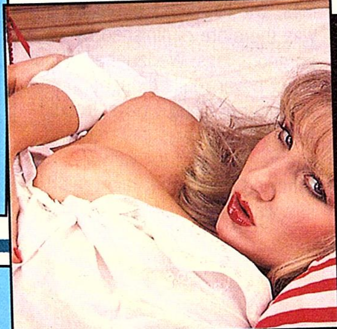
52
FIONA
James Freeman

60
YOU ASKED FOR IT!
Bottoms up!

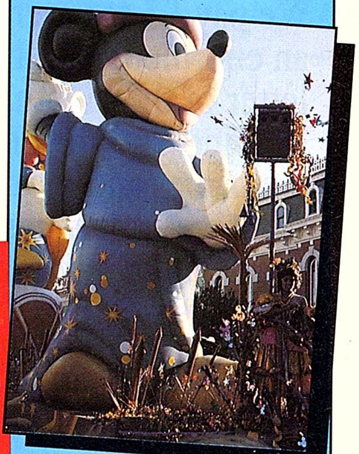
64
BEARSKINS AND BARE SKINS

70
WOMEN'S OWN

74
JULIE
MRA

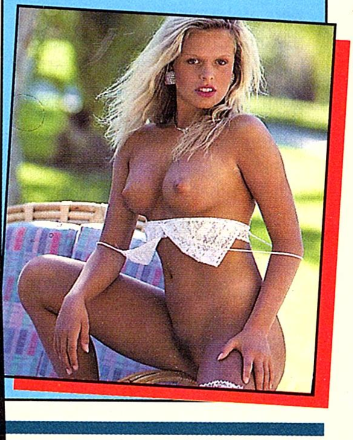


85
GAYLE
Sven Girli



94
MAN IN A SUITCASE
Hollywood Nights

100
TIPPY
Peter Flodquist



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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES FREEMAN

# PENPO

Thrusting, sweating and spurting – the raw ingredients of **PENPOWER PLUS**. And when we say raw, we mean it! This is your chance to get your latest or greatest sexual adventure in print. We pay £5 for every letter printed, and an enormous, throbbing £50 for our letter of the month. All the letters are genuine, and the only things we change are names and locations in order to preserve anonymity, so stop what you're doing and get writing to: Penpower Plus, Knave, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex,CM8 3SZ.

## Hole Filling Holiday

I would like to relate to you an incredible sexual experience my wife Carol and I shared on our winter holiday this year. I am 34 and Carol is 30, we have been happily married for 9 years. This winter we went to Kenya for a safari holiday and experienced three-in-a-bed sex for the first time ever.

We have two young children who we left at home, and we were determined to have a relaxing and sexy holiday as we had both been very busy at work and with our kids. Basically, we were both quite heated up at the thought of two weeks under the hot African sun. We had always fantasised about new and different experiences, but it had always remained as sexy pillow talk. We had never really expected anything to happen. We still have a very healthy sex life and we both have an insatiable appetite. We've also always been into as many deviations as possible. A bit kinky I suppose!

After a week in Kenya we had got to know Doug, the African barman in our hotel really well. One night Carol went down to get some drinks to bring back to our room. She came back and told me how Doug had made a pass at her. He had told her that she was the most attractive white woman he had ever seen. I couldn't help but admire his taste. Carol is 5' 9" tall, with a curly mane of blonde hair (not natural I might add!), small but pert tits, and a full, plumpish bum. However, her bum always looked really horny due to its being mounted at the top of exceptionally long, slim tanned legs. The largeness of her behind was therefore diminished by such gorgeous legs. We laughed about it but never really thought anything of Doug's pass. I could tell that Carol was flattered and she seemed to fuck with a renewed vigour that night, as if she were fantasising.

I got talking to Doug a few nights later and he confessed that Carol got him horny as hell and how lucky I was. We got pretty pissed and I started telling him what a great fuck Carol was and how she couldn't get enough cock. Doug told me that he got really turned on thinking about white womens' cunts and he asked me what Carol's was like, whether it was bonde. I told him that it was actually dark brown, like her eyebrows, and that it was incredibly hairy. Doug said that the hairier it was the better, the more he liked it! I took the bull by the horns, so to speak, and asked Doug back to our room to see how hairy it really was! I couldn't believe how I was behaving, I was expecting my wife to fuck this randy black man!

We got back and Carol was dressed only in her dressing gown, after having had a shower. I said that Doug fancied her and wanted to have a drink. Luckily, Carol's face lit up and amazingly she put her arms around Doug and started to kiss him. She was actually very horny having had six Martinis during the evening. I said, "Doug really likes white womens' cunts Carol." She sexily opened her dressing gown, let it fall to the floor and lay slowly and temptingly back on our large double bed, spreading her luscious thighs, revealing her forest of thick, long, dark pubes. They are so long and thick that you literally cannot see her slit unless she opens it out. This she did, showing it to be glistening wet. "Right, Doug, you can see me, let's see if it's true what they say about black men."

I couldn't believe my wife was saying this, although it was too late now, and I got turned on, hoping she was going to be as filthy with Doug as she could be with me when she got really turned on. Doug and I stripped off and the next thing I heard was Carol exclaiming aloud, "Oh my God Paul, look at the size of it!!" My cock is quite long and thick and Carol has always loved it. Doug's however, must have been at least 10½ inches long! It was a truly enormous rod, almost frightening in its size. Long and stiff, not curling at all, a fearsome tool. "Do you like Carol's cunt, Doug!" I asked. "Yes I love it, it's got so many long hairs on it, not like black womens' short curls! Carol - how do you like my black cock, is it big enough for you?" he chuckled. Carol laughed sexily and breathlessly, "Oh my God yes, I've never seen anything so big, I thought Paul's was big, but yours is just massive." Carol started to giggle uncontrollably, "Paul darling, I want to suck it, do you mind?" "I was hoping you'd say that," I replied, starting to pull my cock furiously.

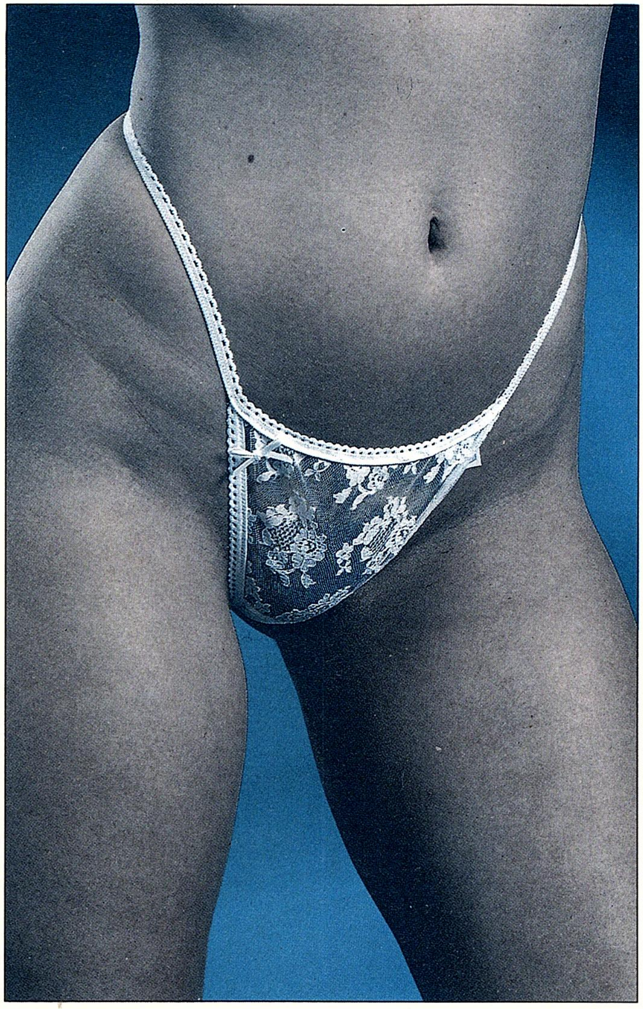
### JOKER

**Why do girls have difficulty counting up to seventy?**

**Because sixty-nine is such a mouthful.**

Carol stepped from the bed. The heat was almost unbearable in the room as she sank slowly to her knees in front of Doug, never taking her blue eyes from his huge black knob. Carol gives the best blow-jobs I've ever had in my life, but she was going to have her work cut out here! She ran her long pink tongue over and up and down Doug's shaft, licking at his balls and kissing his cock with her bright red lips. Finally, Carol opened her mouth really wide and closed it over about a third of Doug's cock. Carol began to suck slowly, steadying Doug's shaft with

# OWER PLUS



her hand. Her slim wrist seemed tiny in comparison to his thick shaft. Soon she had built up to a faster rhythm and was greedily slurping about 4 inches of him as I tweaked her thick brown engorged nipples and played with her pert little tits. I then offered her my cock as well, and she eagerly took turns at both of us, her mouth absolutely gaping as she sucked. Carol then said something amazingly erotic, "Come in my mouth — both of you!" We didn't need any second invitation. We both thrust at the edge of Carol's wide open mouth.

With deep groans we both shot our loads, ejaculating simultaneously. We jerked enormous wads of thick white semen into Carol's grateful throat. I tried to withdraw but my slut of a wife wouldn't let go of me, or Doug. Carol took everything. I looked at my sexy tart of a wife. She was on her knees, nipples sticking out like rocks, a big shiny wet cock in each hand, her head cocked back, eyes closed and mouth open as far as it could get. I looked into her mouth and her tongue was literally enveloped in masses of liquid, thick spunk. It was all over Carol's tongue, dribbling into her throat, all over her teeth and coating her lips. Unbelievably Doug and I were still coming, it was such a turn on, and Carol was still swallowing. When our spurting subsided, she rubbed our dribbling spunky cocks all over her lips and cheeks.

After a short kissing break, Doug said he was ready for more. "Paul, I want to fuck your wife," he said. Carol groaned, "I want it up my cunt!" She got down on all fours, sticking her beautiful big bum up in the air, "Fuck me like an animal Doug."

Doug slowly inserted his huge member into Carol as she screamed blue murder. Carol groaned uncontrollably like an animal would, as Doug finally managed to plunge his whole length up Carol's fanny. Doug rammed Carol. I'd never seen Carol fuck anyone and I was delighted to see how good she was. She bucked furiously like a dog copulating, as Doug banged his pelvis against her butt. Her bum flesh rippled in perfect rhythm with his fucking, acting as a buffer for his powerful ramming. Doug's cock almost came out on each stroke and each time he returned it Carol screamed out loud, having multiple orgasms until Doug shot his load into her. He then turned her over and licked her clit to another crying orgasm, revelling in pushing his black face into her hairy honey pot, which he so liked.

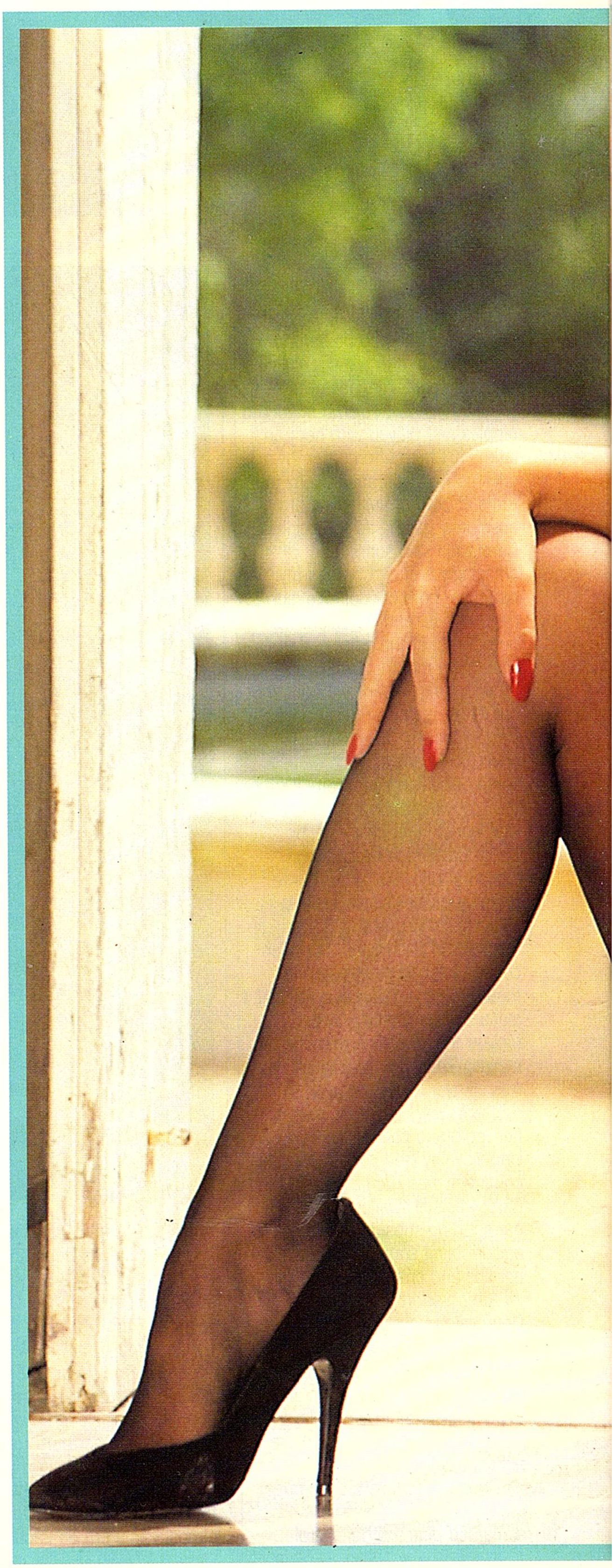
I then took over and fucked Carol missionary style, as she reached sideways to suck Doug off again! "Come all over me you bastards, you fuckers," Carol screamed, now almost hysterical with passion. Doug spurted more sperm all over her tits, and soonafter, I shot a huge amount of come into Carol's pubes and over her belly. We rubbed the spunk enthusiastically all over her and I looked at Carol and she was actually sobbing hysterically with spent passion.

Doug was now a little bit embarrassed and soon left. Carol and I just lay together all night, amazed at what we'd done.

Carol kept aplogising and asking me if our marriage was over. She also said she was ashamed. I told her it really turned me on and that I loved her even more for it. I gently took a dark nipple into my mouth and sucked her lovingly until, incredibly, Carol sighed, lay back and said softly, "Fuck me again, darling, I want you again." What a wife I've got, I thought to myself, and I pushed Carol's ankles back behind her ears and plunged my cock into her well-used fanny once again. We both came, although we had hardly anything left to give. As we dropped off to sleep, Carol asked me to sleep in the wet patch where she had been fucking all night. It was the wettest patch I've ever seen! Carol must have come pints!

When we left, Doug bought Carol a gift of some gold necklaces and told us how he had told all his friends at the hotel what had happened, but they all thought he was fantasising. Just as we left, Carol went into the office behind the bar and said to six or seven surprised Africans, "Yes, it's true, I did everything Doug told you." Doug was the envy of his mates and we had the sexual experience of our lifetime. England is a little boring now, but we have so much to

▷ 12



# CARMEL

*Remember Carmel from our Chrimbo issue? What a present that was, huh? In this set we see her at a lodging house somewhere in Basingstoke, making the most of the Spring (Spring! — What country does this twat come from? — Ed) air. During her stay, Carmel came up with a novel way of polishing mahogany. Namely, to violently rub her breasts, bottom and pubis all over the surface until it reaches a high shine. Wonder if she'll fall for the old wooden leg trick again?*

Photographed by ULF STIJERNBO

# PEN POWER PLUS

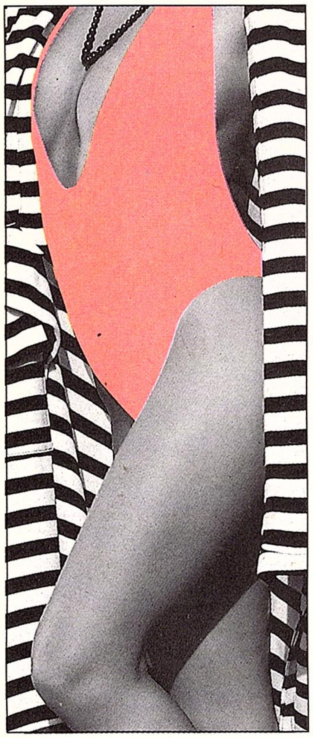
◁ 5

remember when we want to get turned on! — *P., Birmingham.*

## Fly Me

As a successful Texas businessman, my work takes me globetrotting more often than is good for my health. My wife, Barbara, would be the first one to tell you that. But there *are* advantages to solo travelling.

Take, for example, the time I hitched up with a fetching young woman in the Miami Airport bar, two hours before flight time . . .



"Sir?"

I put down my *Wall Street Journal* to see a busty, red headed cocktail waitress leaning toward me. She was *much* prettier (and decades younger!) than the woman who had served my last drink, and, as I grinned up at her, I made no bones about ogling her ample cleavage.

Through the opening in her blouse, her firm, alabaster breasts shimmied and I noted with pleasure that her left tit had a mole near the softest part of the flesh. She scooped up my empty shot glass and flashed me a generous smile. A lewd smile full of expertise.

"Carol's gone off duty, I'm Amanda and I'll be taking care of you now," she said, doing her best imitation of a Bunny dip, "another drink, sir?"

I looked at my watch.

"Yeah," I told her, "I'll have the same."

"Bushmills with a water back?"

"With club soda, please."

She put a fresh napkin on the table in front of me and I settled back into the taut weave of the booth.

"Unless you've got something else . . .?" I added, lighting a cigarette.

"What did you have in mind?" she asked.

"I leave that up to you, Amanda," I answered.

She glanced over at the bar where the bartender was busy at the cash register, and lowered her voice.

"What time is your flight?" she asked, wiping her tray.

"I've got a couple of hours."

"Are you in the hotel here?"

"I've checked out, but I can get another room."

"My dinner break is in fifteen minutes. Okay?"

"Okay."

Amanda turned in her high heels and moved back toward the bar, giving me quite a show in the bargain. Her legs were long and her ass moved seductively through the cold sheen of her cheap leather mini.

In a couple of minutes she returned with my drink. She put it down on the table, and when I tried to pay her, she flashed me another dazzling smile.

"On the house!" she said.

When she had gone, I savoured the whisky and a second Camel. When I finished reading my paper, I gathered up my gear and went back to the desk of the airport hotel to book a suite.

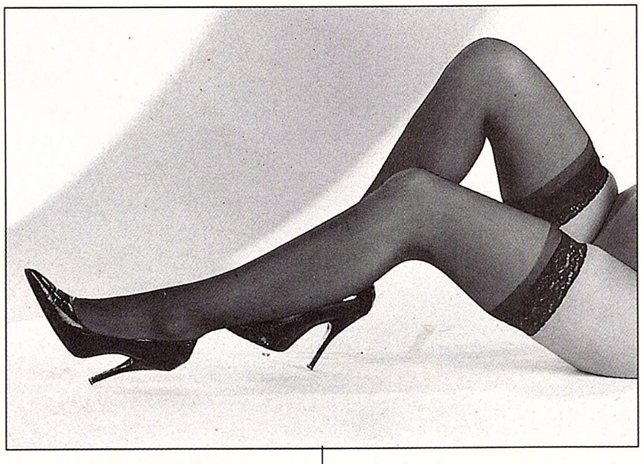
Within twenty minutes, our clothes were strewn helter-skelter throughout the cool, dark room and I was running my hands over Amanda's luscious, ivory skin. I bent my head and caught a nipple between my teeth. She sighed as I lifted her tit gently, playing with her other nipple as her body began to writhe.

Oh, sweetie, that's delicious . . ." Amanda whispered, stroking my hair.

I abandoned her huge knockers and, as two fingers found their way inside her pussy, I plunged my tongue into her mouth and let her suck it. My cock was hard and getting harder as her tapered fingers massaged the tip and then masterfully stroked the shaft. I felt myself expanding in her palm and thought I'd explode before I had a chance to savour the depths of her honeyed quim.

When I knew she was wet enough to take me, I pulled my fingers out from her lips, and quickly slipped on the condom I'd put under the pillow just twenty minutes before. Then she guided my cock inside, where, to my delight, the walls of her tight twat seized me.

I moved slowly at first, as she gripped my muscular shoulders and moaned quietly in my ear. I pumped her for a while and was not surprised when she began moving her hips frantically beneath mine.



"Ooooo, Jesus! Baby, I can't get enough of you!! Don't stop. PLEASE, DON'T STOP," Amanda shouted.

When she was thrashing beneath me and I knew she was on the verge of coming, I withdrew my dick and rolled her over on her stomach. I yanked her up on all fours and her lovely, round ass wiggled expectantly. I reached under to feel the heavy weight of her glorious globes. Hernipples were diamond hard, and, like a blind man reading braille, I fingered the slightly raised mole I'd admired earlier in the lounge.

Amanda sighed, and I entered her urgently from behind. She let out a yelp as my cock forced her lips apart and I pushed it in to the hilt.

"Ooooo, your cock f-e-e-l-s s-o-o-o big! Fuck me, daddy. Fuck me!!! Oh, yes . . . NO, DON'T PULL OUT!! DON'T PULL OUT! I want to feel you inside me. Fuck me 'til I'm raw . . ."

I clamped my palms over her red hot nipples and she moved her bum against me.

"PINCH THEM!!" she ordered, "PULL THEM!!"

I obediently pinched and pulled her nipples as her wild fucking tempo picked up steam.

"I'm coming!" she yelled, "I'M COMING!!"

"Do you really like this, you little tart?" I asked, ploughing her sweet, dripping snatch.

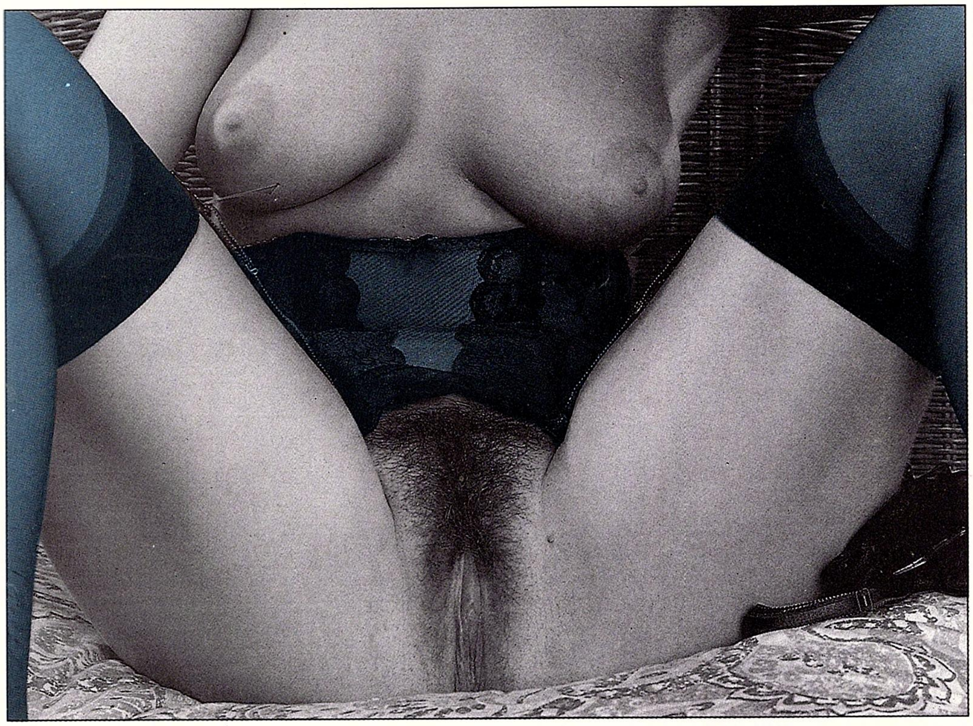
"Oh, yes!! It's the best! HUMP ME! FUCK ME! RAM ME!"

Finally she was coming and, a few seconds later, so was I. We collapsed on the mattress together as a jet roared overhead. I glanced at the brightly lit face of the clock on the bedside table to see that I had just enough time for a cigarette and then one more poke in this libidinous creature who was priming my pump for a marital homecoming later that night . . . — *M.B., Dallas.*

## It's A Set Up

I thought I would write and tell you and all your readers what happened to me a couple of weeks ago. It was a Friday night and I went round to my girlfriend's house. But when I got there her mother said she had already gone out but would be back within a couple of hours, and I could come in and wait for her if I wanted to. So I went inside and Jennifer (that's her mother's name) asked me if I would like a cup of coffee, to which I replied yes please. Jennifer told me to go and sit down in the living room and that she would come in when the coffee was ready. After about ten minutes she came into the living room with two cups of coffee and put them down on the coffee table and then sat next to me on the settee. She said that her daughter, who is 19 and at college, had got a phone call from one of her mates asking her to come round to her house to do some studying. As Jennifer was talking I noticed that the split in the front of her skirt had made it fall either side of her legs and just looking at her thighs started to give me a hard on. She was crossing and uncrossing her legs and as she was doing that, her skirt was getting higher and higher up her legs. At one point I could actually see the top of her stockings and this made my cock go rock hard, I was getting a bit embarrassed because you could see the bulge in my jeans.

I tried to stop looking at her legs because she was my girlfriend's mother but it was no good because her legs were beautiful and I just loved stockings, especially black ones and that's what she was wearing. She must have noticed that I was looking at her legs because she stopped talking and suddenly put her hand on my thigh. She started rubbing, I just looked up at her and she smiled back at me and did not say a word. She was rubbing up and down my thigh till she touched my cock, she then started rubbing my cock through my jeans and as she was doing this I reached out and started feeling her tits through her blouse. I could tell she was enjoying it because her nipples were as hard as my cock. I undid some buttons on her blouse and put my hand inside and felt her tits through her bra. As I was doing that she had my belt undone and my zip down, she had her hand inside my undies, holding my rock hard cock. Then she was squeezing it as hard as she could and wanking it as well, it felt so good to be squeezed like that, she then tried to pull my jeans down but I would not let her as I did not want her daughter to walk in and find me with my jeans around my knees and her mother wanking me off. Jennifer then asked me what was wrong, I told her that I didn't want her daughter to see me like this as she would be back soon. Jennifer said it will be alright because we have got loads of time before she gets back, I just looked at her and said OK.



**JOKER**

**Did you hear about the Chinese girl who had a black baby?**

**She called it Wot Went Wong.**

**Pun-ilingus**

**Fly-curtain:**
**A fashion accessory for someone who's too lazy to work a zip.**

**Frigid:**
**What she is, when he has to pour anti-freeze down her knickers before she'll melt in his arms.**

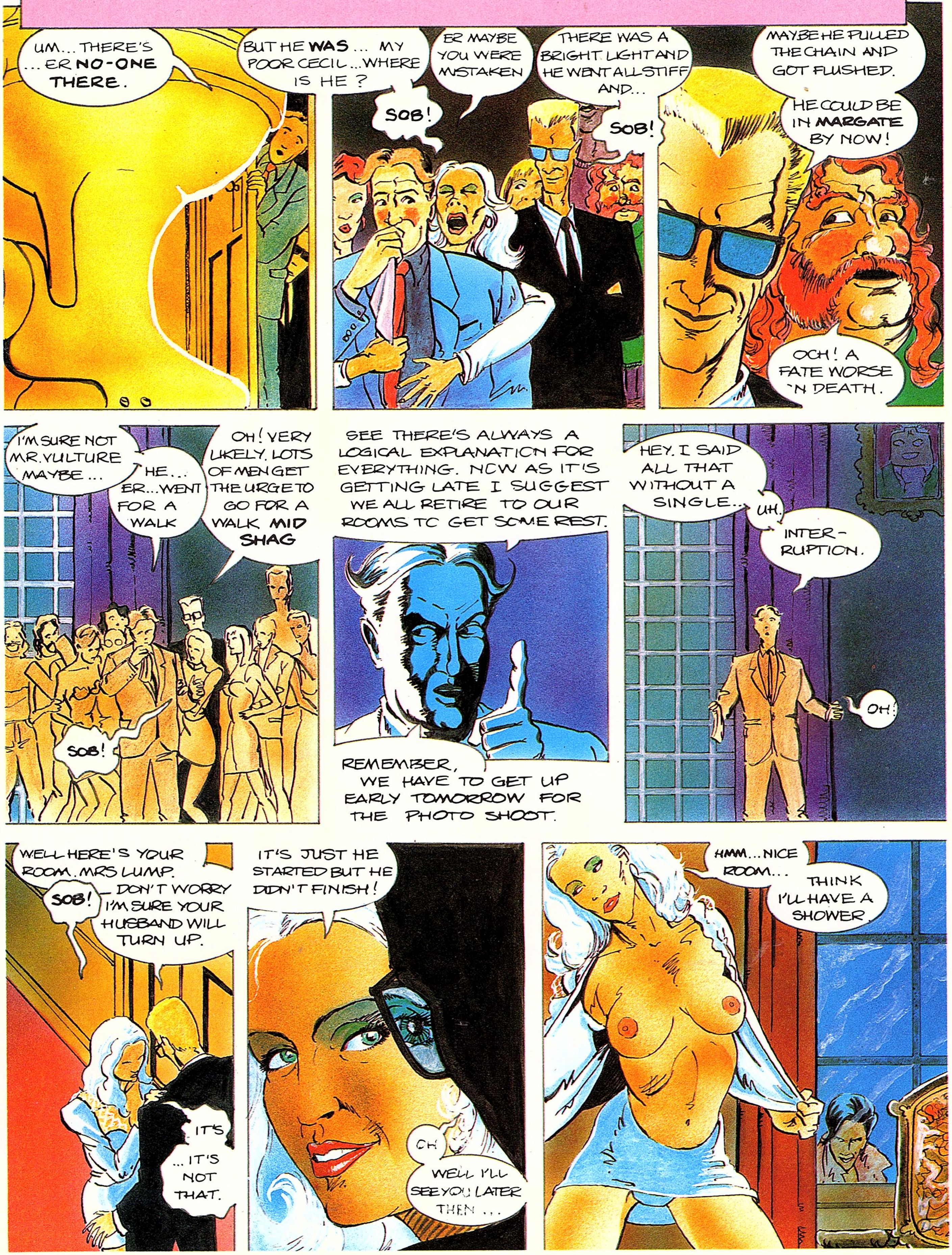
Jennifer then got off the settee and knelt down in front of me and told me to lift my bottom up so she could pull my jeans down. I did as she said, she pulled down my jeans but at the same time she also pulled down my underpants so that I was sat there with just my shirt left on. My cock was so hard that it was sticking up in the air like a flag pole, Jennifer put her right hand around it and started wanking it up and down. At the same time I reached for her blouse and undid the last few buttons, I pulled it off her shoulders letting it fall to the floor. She had a white bra on and I could see her nipples as they were still very hard. I reached around her back and tried to undo the clip that was holding the bra together but it was impossible from where I was sitting so she did it for me. She let go of my cock, reached around her back with both of her hands and unclipped the bra letting it also fall to the floor. Her tits were beautiful, they were not too big and not too small. I would say that they were a size 36″, just the right size for me to get my mouth around.

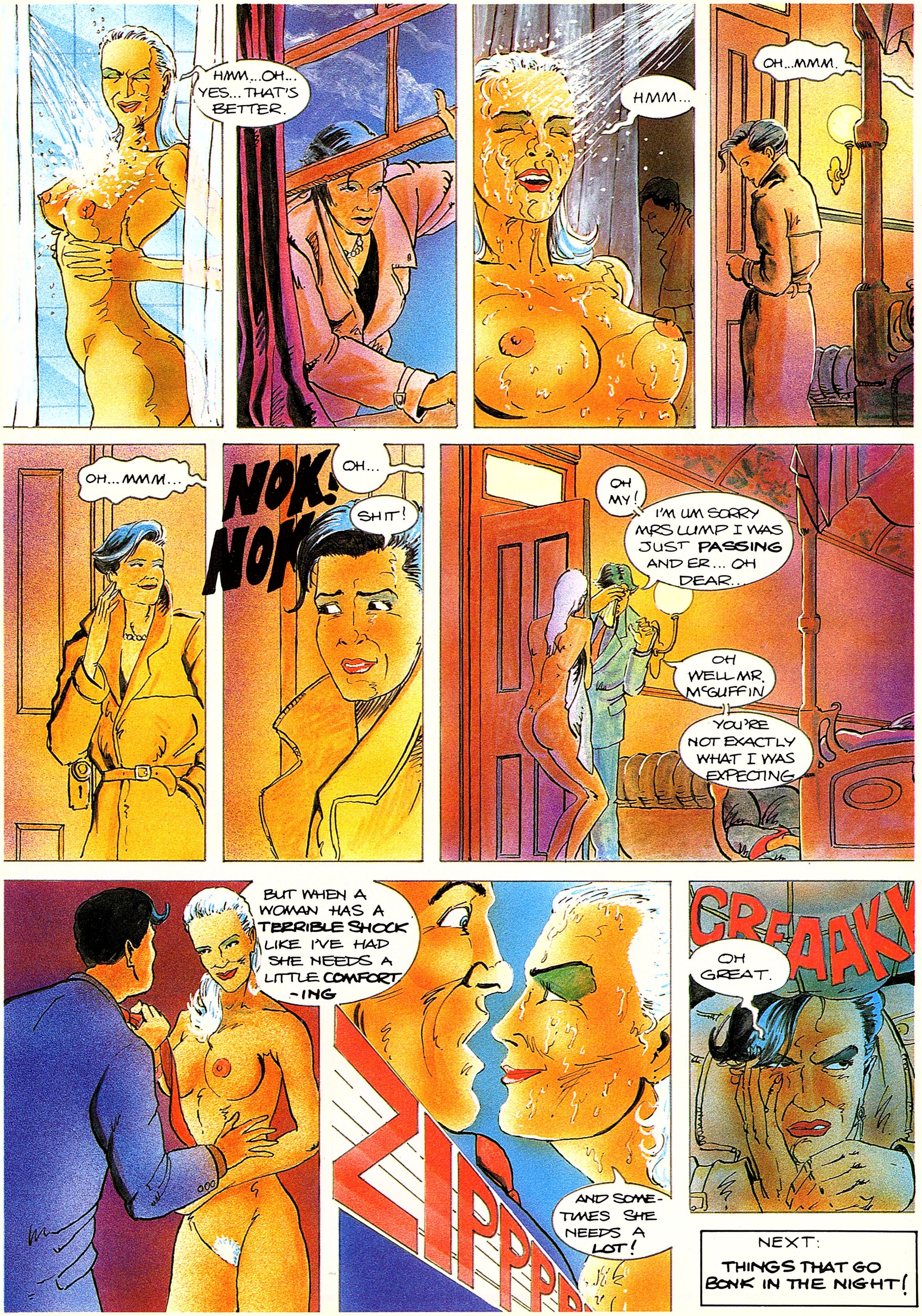
Jennifer took hold of my cock again and started wanking it with her right hand, whilst her left hand was squeezing my testicles. At the same time I was rolling her nipples between my fingers, I really wanted to get them in my mouth, but I just could not reach in that position. Jennifer then knelt further forward and started licking the end of my cock, she licked round the dome and pushed the tip of her tongue into the little eye of my cock. I now had my hands on the back of her head and was holding onto her hair as she took about two inches of my cock, into her mouth and started sucking. At the same time she was wanking the bottom half of my cock and it felt so good that I could feel myself coming. I tried to warn her but it was too late and I shot my hot load of spunk in her mouth. She swallowed as much as she could, but some ran out of her mouth and down the fingers of her right hand that was still wanking me. She licked my cock dry of spunk and also cleaned the dome with her tongue. She then took it out of her mouth and licked the spunk off her fingers, she let go of my testicles and stopped squeezing them and looked up at me and asked me if I liked it? I looked at her and told her it was the best blow-job I have ever had.

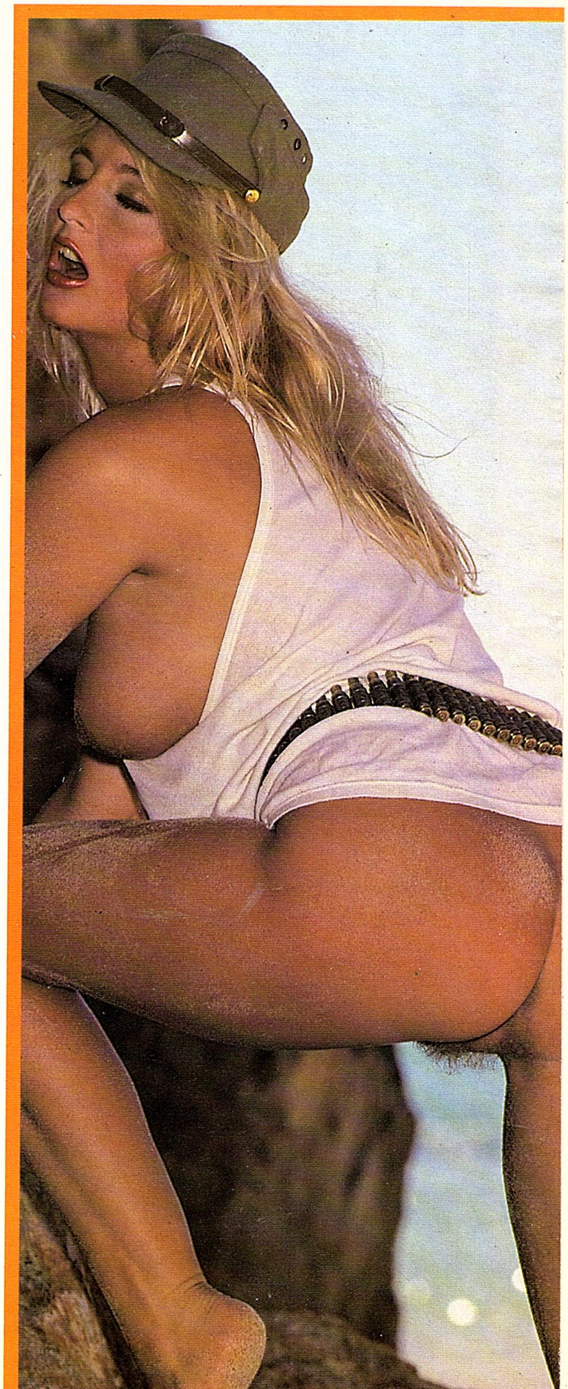
Jennifer then got off her knees, sat back down on the settee and asked if I would like to do that to her. I said I would love to. She then stood back up and pulled down her skirt. When I saw her stockings and suspenders I just could not believe that it was my girlfriend's mother who was standing there. She was wearing the suspender belt I had bought her daughter for a present. Jennifer was also wearing the black and red g-string I had bought, she was so beautiful standing there with the black undies on and showing her

▷ 49

# NIGHT OF THE READERS' WIVES

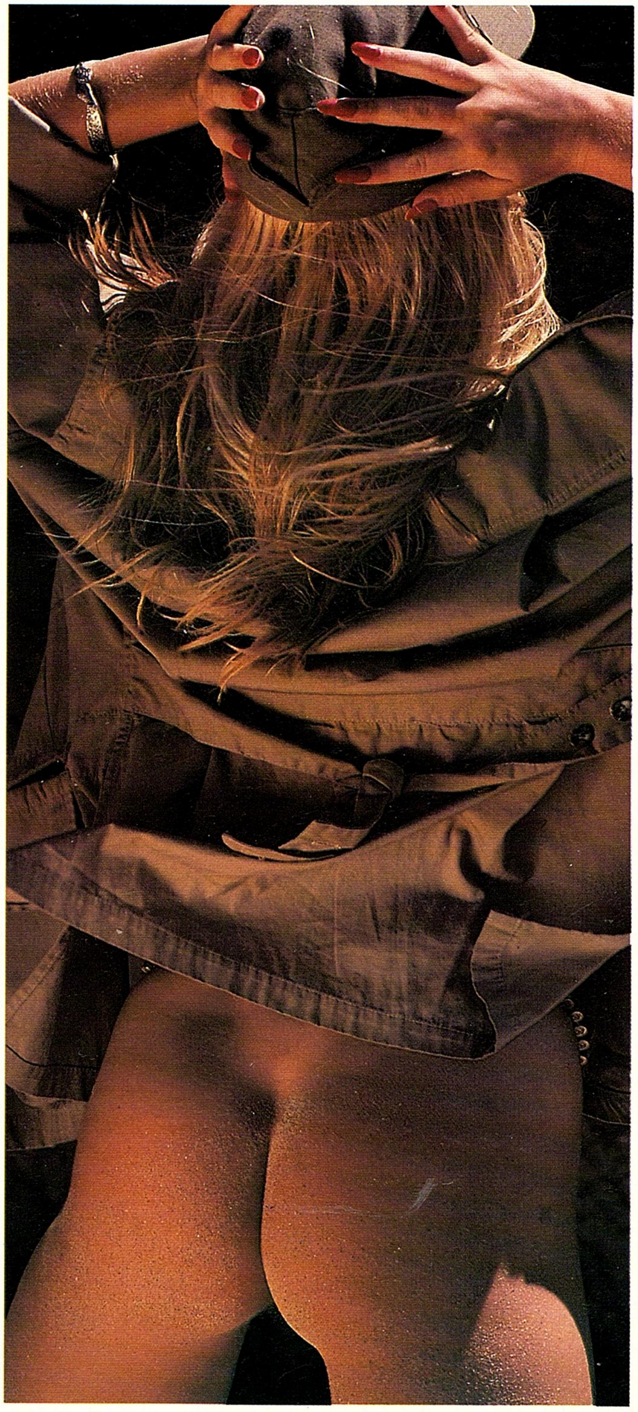

UM... THERE'S ...ER NO-ONE THERE.
BUT HE WAS... MY POOR CECIL... WHERE IS HE?
SOB!
ER MAYBE YOU WERE MISTAKEN
THERE WAS A BRIGHT LIGHT AND HE WENT ALL STIFF AND...
SOB!
MAYBE HE PULLED THE CHAIN AND GOT FLUSHED.
HE COULD BE IN MARGATE BY NOW!
OCH! A FATE WORSE 'N DEATH.
I'M SURE NOT MR. VULTURE MAYBE...
HE... ER... WENT FOR A WALK
OH! VERY LIKELY. LOTS OF MEN GET THE URGE TO GO FOR A WALK MID SHAG
SOB!
SEE THERE'S ALWAYS A LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR EVERYTHING. NOW AS IT'S GETTING LATE I SUGGEST WE ALL RETIRE TO OUR ROOMS TO GET SOME REST.
REMEMBER, WE HAVE TO GET UP EARLY TOMORROW FOR THE PHOTO SHOOT.
HEY. I SAID ALL THAT WITHOUT A SINGLE...
UH.
INTER-RUPTION.
OH!
WELL HERE'S YOUR ROOM. MRS LUMP.
SOB!
DON'T WORRY I'M SURE YOUR HUSBAND WILL TURN UP.
IT'S ...IT'S NOT THAT.
IT'S JUST HE STARTED BUT HE DIDN'T FINISH!
OH
WELL I'LL SEE YOU LATER THEN...
HMM... NICE ROOM...
THINK I'LL HAVE A SHOWER.

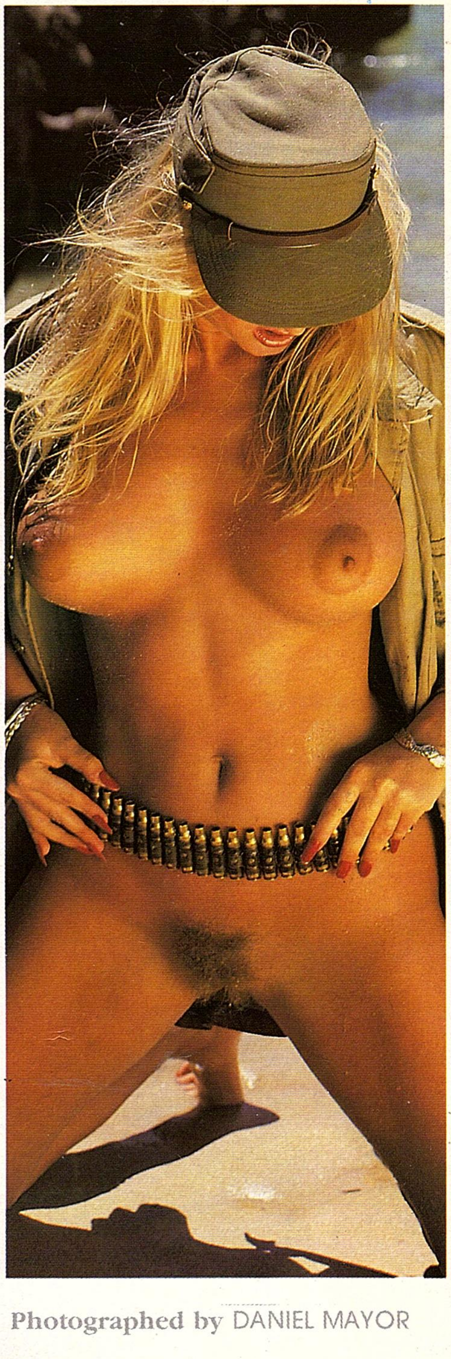

HMM... OH... YES... THAT'S BETTER.
HMM...
OH... MMM.
OH... MMM...
NOK! NOK!
OH...
SHIT!
OH MY!
I'M UM SORRY MRS LUMP I WAS JUST PASSING AND ER... OH DEAR...
OH WELL MR. McGUFFIN
YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY WHAT I WAS EXPECTING
BUT WHEN A WOMAN HAS A TERRIBLE SHOCK LIKE I'VE HAD SHE NEEDS A LITTLE COMFORT-ING
ZIPPP
AND SOMETIMES SHE NEEDS A LOT!
CREAAKY
OH GREAT.
NEXT:
THINGS THAT GO BONK IN THE NIGHT!



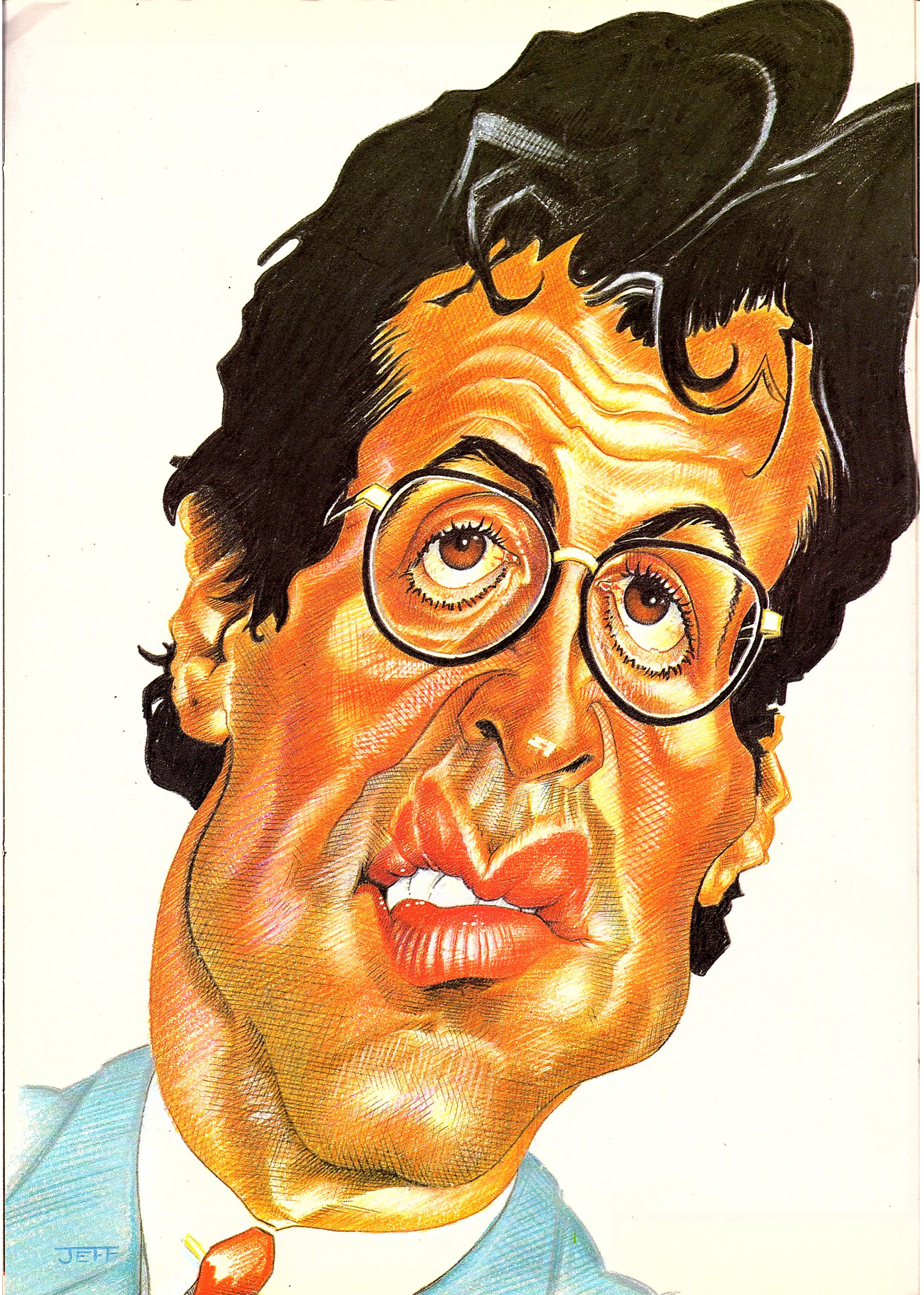
# JILL

*Join the army and feel a man. Or Jill, if you're lucky. This is what basic training is all about, getting to grips with weapon's practice, and doing a bit of shooting – rubber bullets, of course. Ah, those days of National Service were never like this, were they, men? This is the kind of military action we whole-heartedly approve of. Tactical underwear (i.e., none), thermonuclear breasts, and enough in the pussy department to be designated TNT, which, as we all know, stands for Twice Nightly, Thanks. Yes boys, load those chambers and set on fully-cocked, because Jill ain't so much Rambo as Rumpo!*





Photographed by DANIEL MAYOR


JEFF

# from WAR ZONE to OZONE

***If you were thinking of people to discuss ecology with, the odds are that Silvester Stallone's name wouldn't be on the tip of your tongue. But these days, Sly's "Don't push me!" image is redundant, and the big guy is beginning to concentrate on issues and not body counts. TONY CRAWLEY shoots the breeze with Sly in a conversation about movies and Mother Earth . . .***

He's standing on a huge terrace, looking trim in a smart suit, buttoned-up shirt but no tie and shades as he gazes out over the Mediterranean. The sea is calm and inviting, sparkling in the high noon sun. It is a stunning day. And Sly Stallone can't quite believe it.

"This," he says, waving an arm at the view, "is unreal." All very Los Angelean, but the big fella means it in the ecological sense.

"This Elder son of Sicilian immigrants to New York earned a total of $101 million."

"This," he says it again, switching from shades to his *Tango & Cash* Lennonesque glasses, "is not real. This is . . . extraordinary! But just come to Philadelphia . . . Come to LA . . . And you cannot see the city from 5,000 ft."

Sly – and soon enough, he says, Rambo, too – has gone green.

Sting may have the advantage over him, being recognised the world over as the St. Bob Geldof of the environment. But Sylvester Stallone has also joined Hollywood's newest army.

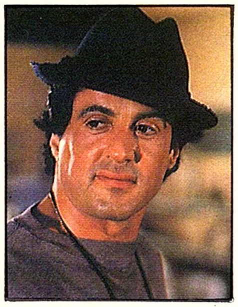
Robert Redford preaches to the American Senate, warning about warming. Meryl Streep is fighting pesticides, Ken Olin, of *thirtysomething*, is trying to "Heal The Bay" at Santa Monica. Barbara Streisand chipped in with $250,000 for the Environmental Defence Fund. Michael Landon is fighting off-shore oil drilling far from any little house on any prairie. Ted Danson is earning extra cheers as president of the American Oceans Campaign. And Linda Evans is anti-sludge – and, this once, she doesn't mean the tabloids.

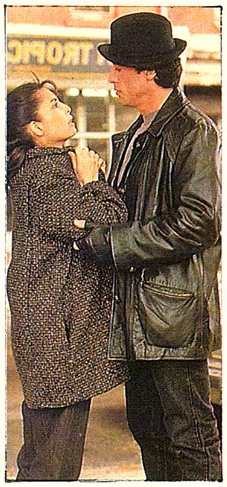
Even the real zillionaires are into saving what's left of our world. Heavy Hollywoodian honchoes like superagent Mike Ovitz, Disney boss Michael Eisner and Spielberg's pal, MCA chief Sid Sheinbery are running something called The Environmental Media Association.

*All* Hollywood has gone green. So, Stallone is not far behind in putting some of his green stuff into the green pot. He can afford it. He spends a stack on paintings and sculputre. "I don't know where the world would be without art." But then, he has a lot of money.

Hollywood insiders suggest the Stallone phenomenon is over. Arnie Schwarzengger has taken over. Sly has peaked and is in danger of becoming the next Burt Reynolds (who?). They're writing him off too quickly. He's still got the last of his *Rocky* and *Rambo* sagas to open.

# from WAR ZONE to OZONE





For the first *Rocky* – made as long ago as 1975 by the same director, John G. Avildsen, who's back for the last one – Stallone was paid $25,000 and a cut of the (huge) action. Such action is endless – *Rocky II*, alone, was bought by CBS TV for a mere $20 million.

The Rocky/Rambo series has grossed more than $1,400,000,000 world-wide. His cut is enormous – and he gets 8% of the merchandising which exceeds $300 million in the US alone. For *Rocky V*, he was said to be getting $25 million. Plus around another $15 million a throw for his next four movies.

According to Forbes Magazine, which tends to know the hidden accounts of everybody who is anybody, during 1987/89, this elder son of Sicilian immigrants to New York earned a total of $101 million (*Jesus wept! Is that more than my expense account?! – Ed*). And according to Knave magazine, the Hell's Kitchen boy's done good.

More high school throw out than drop out, he's come a long way since busting through a literally paralysing speech impediment ("Kids in school used to call me Slant Mouth") and eking out a living as a mumbling actor in walk-ons. "Only difference between New York and Hollywood was that I was still unemployed, but I hadda tan."

He also had (and no one lets him forget it) his infamous 1968 soft-core porno quickie, *The Party at Kitty's and Studs* – video – released in some countries as, what else, but *Italian Stallion*. The pay was $100 a day and whatever the handle, the action is as soft as Sly's Bologna sausage.

"Another marriage would be suicide for me. And suicide is still illegal, right?"

Stallone's next two movies are green. He helps finance some of the environmentalist groups and is extremely bleak about what could happen to the world.

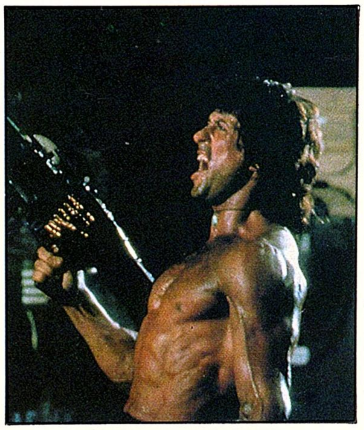
But for now, he's enjoying the sun, the attention of batteries of cameras, media microphones. The only exhaust he's sending out is Stallonian. There's no woman in sight during this weekend on the Riviera. Sly has been through enough of them. Every premier or reception, a different squeeze. His favourite food, he used to say, was ingenue neck!

But he's wary of romance, these days. And rules out any third marriage, with financial cause following the expensive experience with No.2, Brigitte Nielsen.

They have a way with words, the Stallones. Sly's best shot about Brigitte was: "I have shoes older than she is."

Stories go that it was Schwarzenegger who introduced them. Some say he was bored with her and simply passed her on.

No comment today from Stallone. Or none other than: "Another marriage would be suicide for me. And suicide is still illegal, right?"



He has other matters on his mind. Like going home to Malibu. Getting back to work. Re-shooting the end of . . .

## ROCKY V

"I wasn't satisfied with the first ending. The new one will be similar. I just didn't like the way it was shot. It was a little . . . dark. A little bleak. Gloomy. Even though it had an up message, the fact that it's at night on the street . . . It's tough to be happy at night."

Depends who you're with!

"Yeah! But when you're bleeding, it doesn't work . . . So, it's the same ending. Rocky is the mentor of his alter-ego, another young boxer, who eventually turns on him. Almost like the student against the teacher. Rocky has serious brain damage and he can't believe how he can be betrayed by this fella. So there's a moral message. Almost a Cain and Abel situation. At the very end, my son plays Rocky's son – a very important part about the message of the series. And the ending will be very quiet and sophisticated, I hope. As opposed to 'I love you, I love you' – freeze-frame. Because this is the end of the series."

C'mon, you've said that before, after II, after III . . .

"I know . . . I wanted him to end back

where he started. On the street. In the last two *Rockys,* he's been extremely – I mean, for him – sophisticated. Living in mansions. Dealing with the plight of the rich! Now he loses it all . . . He became very much like Joe Louis, Muhammed Ali, Sugar Ray Robinson, many, many – too many – boxers that have ended up this way. So, it's a realistic return to his roots. He puts on his old hat and his gloves and goes into serious regression, which I find interesting to play. We don't see him in the ring this time, but he will fight in the street."

### RAMBO IV

"The final segment of *Rambo* will be shot next year. I haven't started writing it yet. But I can tell you something – it will deal with the environment. Rambo's gonna go with Greenpeace! Or, that type of organisation. Not involving himself in any political escapades at all. Because I find today, what's in today's news becomes very, *very* unsatisfying for the public tomorrow. Actually, Americans really don't understand world politics. They really don't! Beyond the East and West Coast, the universe stops for most Americans. It really does. I found that out the hard way."

### DEAD WHAT'S IT?

"My next film, *Dead Reckoning*? Well, that name's gonna be changed to *Transatlantic Express* or *Transpolar Express.* It's primarily based on a situation in the future dealing with the ecological system, the imbalances in the world and how we can try and remedy these situations. All set in a somewhat futuristic environment – somewhat like *Blade Runner* – about a character I really haven't played before. It's actually quite a non-physical role right to the end. Not a man who has been trained in military or police manoeuvres. An everyday kind of fellow. As a matter of fact, what I think they're planning on is probably a time-and-motion study man, who's basically watching the way the train is being run, keeping count of how many dished are broken and so on and so forth. Things get out of control and he's thrown into it."

### SCRIPTWRITING

"Yeah, the script is sharing some of my concerns about the environment. These are factors that made me take this film – otherwise it's just another sci-fi. And they've done everything possible. Every conceivalbe monster. Every technique. Every camera-angle. Now, the only thing that really matters is ideology. Content! Content! That's what makes it interesting for me. But what I did was – I gave the writer my input for what I think will be an interesting event. I've decided at this point in my life to drop back and let other people inject their philosophies, their input and their outlook on the world. So it isn't just me. Because, after a while, you know, you get stale. People can't be that schizophrenic and see the world from so many different positons. And it will be nice to interpret someone else's world. We'll be shooting it in Berlin – East and West. So, c'mon down and visit us, y'all . . . Mostly East Berlin – ya know, where I was barred a year and a half ago!"

**"Hollywood insiders suggest the Stallone phenomenon is over."**

### MELLOW FELLOW

"Yeah, so this is kind of a segueway into a slower, gentler movies. 'Kinder, gentler . . . a thousand points of light!' (*he laughs. He's quoting George Bush on the new America*). I shall be doing some, er, romantic films. There's heavy, triangular love story coming up. With somewhat comedic overtones. A little bit tongue in cheek like *Tango & Cash."*

### TODAY'S WORLD

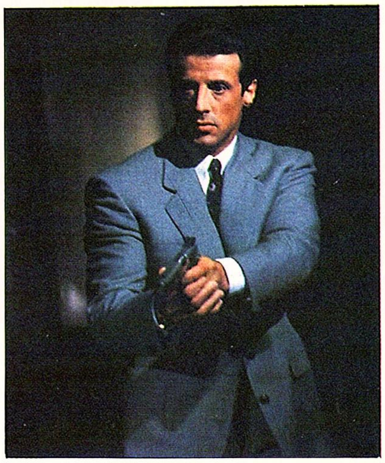
"My vision of the world . . .? *Not very good.* Not right now! Optimistically, I think a lot of what's happening is good. It's amazing when you thing about East Berlin and what has been happening around the world. It seems as though politics has fallen on the back burner . . . gone into the dock. Because people – and I think it's almost a subsconscious banding together – realise that the world, ecologically . . . *is over!*

"I really think it's the survival instinct, that small, little recess in a corner of our minds that still functions from the prehistoric age, says: Hold! Survival! Because that is our strongest instinct isn't it? Our surivial instinct. Right now there seems to be this collective intelligence – from our own world – all thinking the same thing.

"Pretty soon, people will be afraid to step on, ya know, like . . . Save the rat! Everything must live! Everything must survive! That is the future. Excesses are down. Big companies are gonna be under a lotta scrutiny. And we're hopefully touching that vein first in these films."

### TOMORROW'S WORLD

"Believe it or not, my vision of the world *in ten years* – if they don't stop and really clean it up . . . You know the way everybody drinks bottled water? You'll be having bottled *oxygen* in your house! You will have cannisters coming in your house. You'll close up all your windows – and that's the only way you will really be able to breathe . . . clearly, cleanly. Like our phone booths will be places for taking two or three deep breaths when out in the street. I truely believe that. (*Pause*) You think that's bleak? Wow! I know it's bleak, but you can't deny it. Look around us . . ."

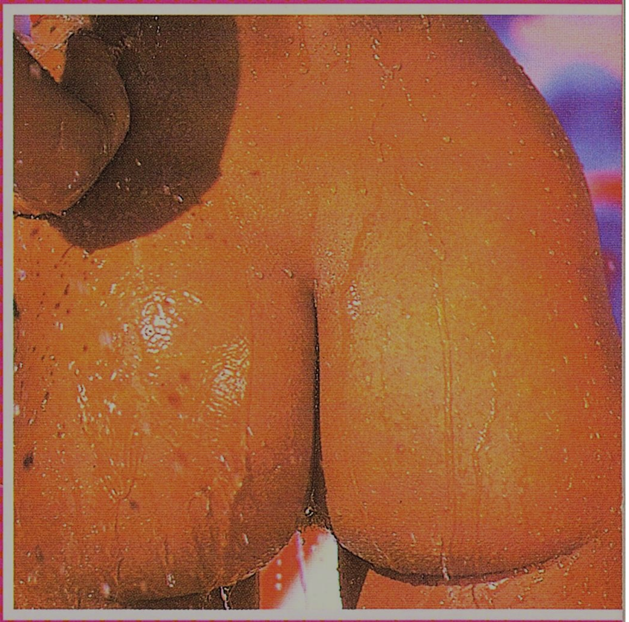


And he does – with surprise. That's the trouble with crusaders. They never check their schedules. He's forgotten he's on the sun-soaked Riviera where everything – except the Mediterranean, according to today's swimmers – looks clean and tidy. For now.

# GLOBAL WARMING

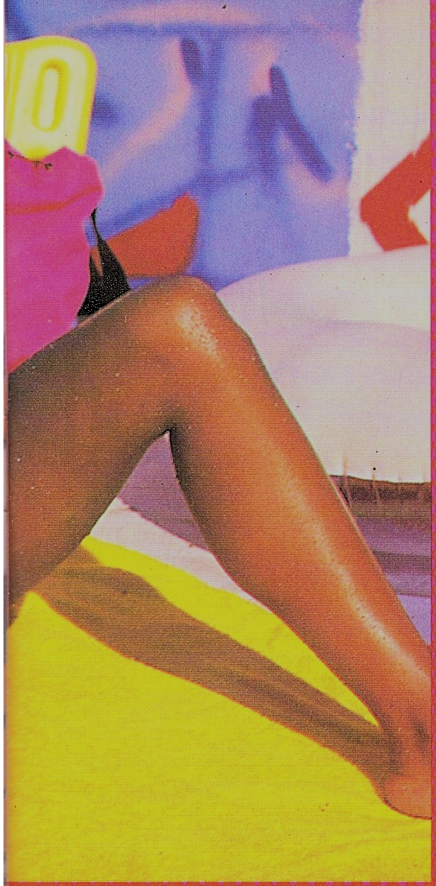
french fancies

# mimi



*The French. A nation of lovers, and that's not surprising if they all look like Mimi. There's definitely something about French women that separates them from their English counterparts. I think it's the fact that they speak a foreign language, myself, but others here have suggested it's their inbred knowledge of love, the universal language. Stuff and nonsense! What could be sexier than a sultry French girl with a lilting accent? Except perhaps being liberally smeared with honey by Mimi?*

Photographed by LEE CASTLEMAN



# see hear NO EVIL

### MISSING LINKS VOLS. 1, 2 & 3 LINK WRAY

NORTON RECORDS

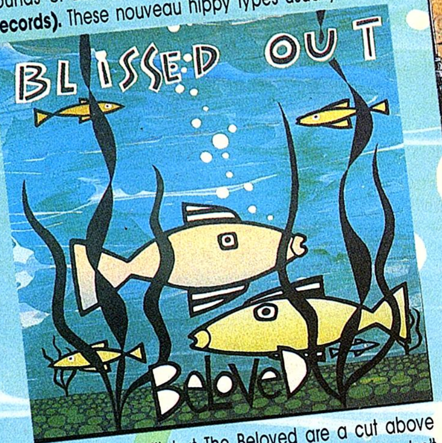
Yeah, Joe here again! How're you freaky types doin' out there? And, since you're askin', I'm jus' fine . . . still hanging low in the glorious depths of South London . . . teaching the local high art cognoscenti, and the ever present down 'n' outs, the true and absolute meaning of modern poetry. Well, y'know, it keeps you off the streets . . .

I borrowed a Dansette the other night and listened to some records, all in the line of duty, y'understand? A big hello to the kind people at **Norton records** who sent me **Missing Links Vols. 1, 2 and 3** by **Link Wray.** These utterly depraved discs blaze a hot trail across the length and breadth of the great man's career. Needless to say they had the revellers at our homestead rockin' 'til they were droppin'. Not me though; I was taking it easy in the Orgone Accumulator whilst listening to the celabratory new-age sounds of **Blissed Out** by **The Beloved (East West Records).** These nouveau hippy types usually make me physically ill, but The Beloved are a cut above the rest. Even though the version of **Sunrise** here isn't a patch on the 12" mix . . .

LINK WRAY
BIG CITY AFTER DARK
MISSING LINKS VOL. 2

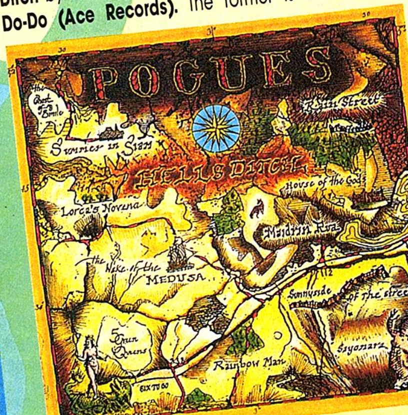
### BLISSED OUT THE BELOVED

EAST WEST RECORDS



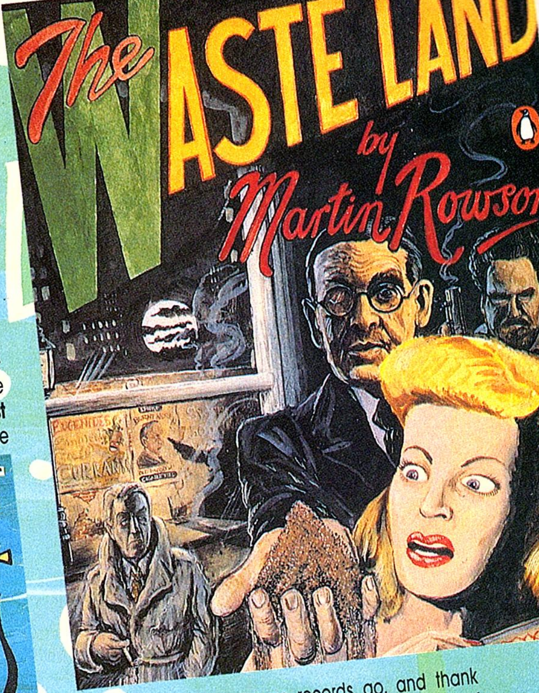
Good to see **Big Audio Dynamite** outta traction and back into action. Their new LP **Kool-Aid (CBS)** is, as the title suggests, a groovy little gambol through the trance 'n' dance undergrowth. Even so, I can't help thinking that this is a bit of a stop gap, and that the next one will be the real killer.

If you want the real dirt, and I'm sure that you do, then I recommend the following two platters: **Hell's Ditch** by **The Pogues (WEA)** and **Floyd's Cajun Fais Do-Do (Ace Records).** The former is a wild and demonic return to form by the drunken boys, who cut a fine caper with melody and venom. And whilst we're in a drinking mood, pull up a large jug of your favourite moonshine and get on down to the afformentioned, strangely monickered cajun stomper.



If after that, you have the stamina for another dance, albeit of a slightly different nature, then try **Dee-lite's** snappy cosmo-groove affaird **World Clique (Elektra).** Personally, I'm well sick of their '70's retro ambience. But at least it's better than the down-at-heel, baggy shit that you get from Manchester these days.

Also rans in this utter vortex of vinyl are: **Breath — Peace of Mind (Siren), Wopboptoledo — Wopboptoledo (10)** and **Courtney Pine — Closer To Home (Mango).**



That's yer lot as far as records go, and thank gawd for that . . . let's face it, the vinyl hasn't been of an earth shattering standard this time around. However, the literature I've been getting through more than makes up for it.

### TANK GIRL HEWLETT & MARTINS

PENGUIN

Take, for instance, **Tank Girl** by **Hewlett & Martins (Penguin).** If you're lookin' for a heroine, then cast yer peepers in this direction. Tank Girl is a cool thing after my own heart, who drinks beer and fucks kangeroos. She's armed and extremely dangerous, and will kick your teeth in at one wrong move, boy. This anything-goes compilation of cartoon stories from *Deadline* magazine is a buzz.

Another graphic novel that hit my desk with more than a thud is **Wasteland** by **Martin Rowson !Penguin).** This is a bit of an interleschule treat for all you boho's, based, as it is, on **TS Elliot's** major work of the same name. It's all a bit of a tease, and as such it sometimes gets a bit tiring. But the artwork remains a joy.

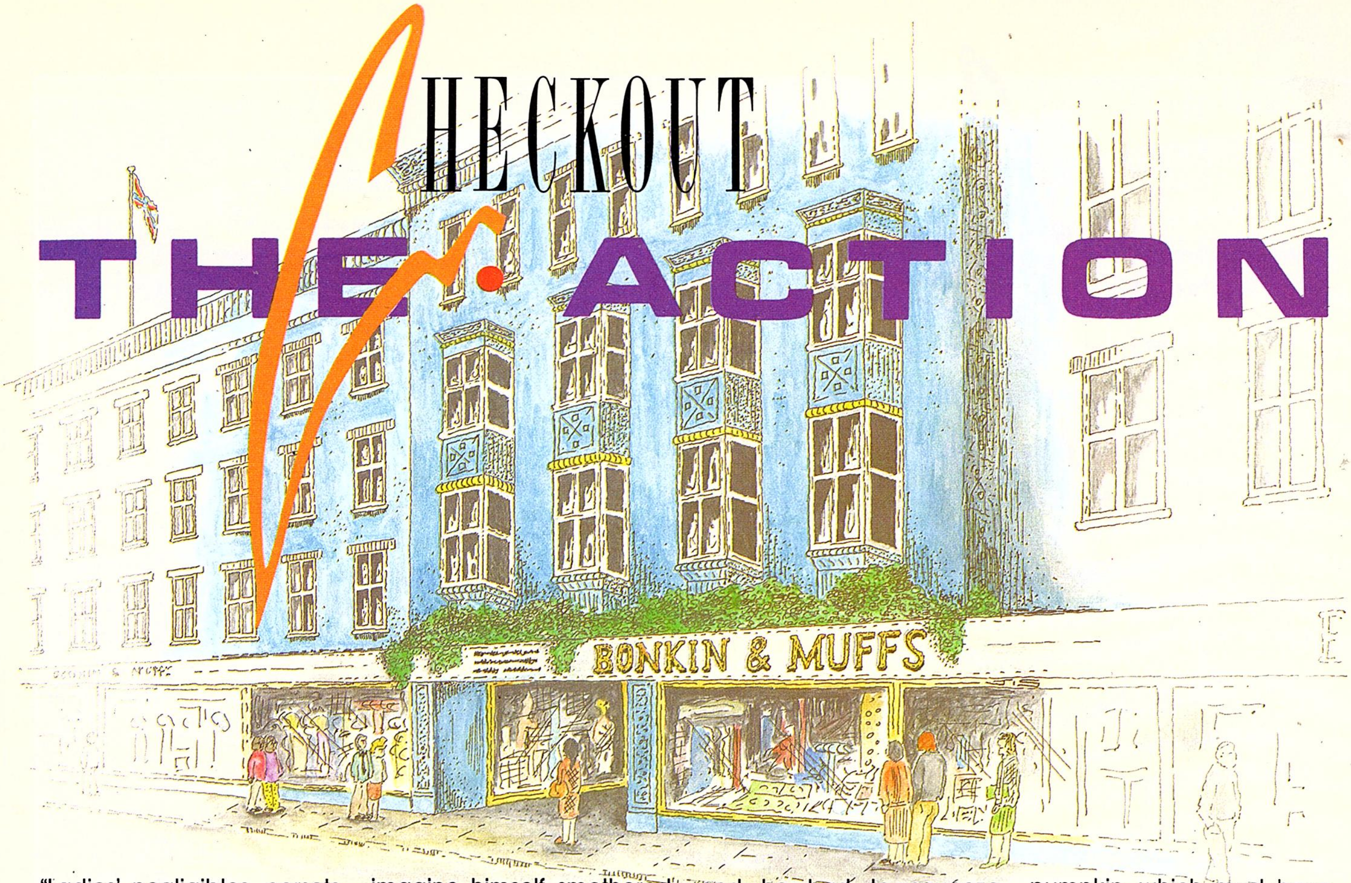
All you old punk rockers will be thrilled skinny by the release of **I Was A Teenage Sex Pistol** by **Glen Matlock (Omnibus).** Glen was the original bass player in this band of teen-glamour situationists, and is therefore in a wholesome position to give the inside scam. There are just about enough hunks of gossip to thrill, although overall, the book is too workman-like to satisfy. Where's the mystery and the magic? For that you'll have to wait for **Jon Savage's England's Dreaming.**

Also, let's hear it for **Mystery Train** by **Greil Marcus (Omnibus).** Dwelling heavily on Elvis, Greil avoids the 'anti'stance of Albert Goldman and concentrates on the sheer power and clear glory of it all.

All the above books have been given the Dallesandro stamp of excellence, get ya specs on four-eyes, and get reading. Check y'all later . . .

**Joe Dallesandro**

# CHECKOUT THE ACTION



Bonkin & Muff's is an old-fashioned department store in an unfashionable market town. But life within the store is nowhere near as genteel as it appears on the surface. Last month we left Jean from the food section unconscious on the floor with a mouse down her neck, Phil from Kitchenware shagging Wendy from Lighting in the stockroom, and Jimmy the lift attendant about to peep through the hole he's made in the wall of one of the ladies' changing room. Now read on …

"Ladies' negligibles, corsets custom-built by Cammell-Laird's, jock-straps and sea-boots," called out the incorrigible Jimmy, while a huge woman who was wed to the local Master of Foxhounds blushed a vivid purple down to her wobbly jowls.

"Mind the step, lady," Jimmy added as he stopped the lift with a jolt, goosing a housewife who could do nothing to protect herself, owing to the large number of bags she was carrying. She glared. Jimmy sniggered and pressed his ever-present hard on up against the wife of the MFH's tweed-upholstered bottom. It was time for him to knock off for his tea-break, 'knock-off' being the operative word for Jimmy.

Four minutes later, his beady eye was glued to his private peephole. Jimmy, an ex-jockey, was only five-foot-one tall, so his peephole coincided nicely with average tit height. Not that Jimmy had much time for average tits. He liked them enormous, overflowing, down to the waist if possible. He liked to imagine himself smothered in them, shooting his wad with two gigantic jugs quivering around him.

Just then, his luck was in. The large tweed-clad lady was shopping for a new bra. Off came her tweed suit. Jimmy sucked his breath in through his teeth as she stood like Juno, her flesh-coloured nylon slip moulded to every bulge. Off came the slip, revealing a bust like twin barrage balloons, held in place by a brassiere with as many straps as a severe item of bondage equipment. Her knickers, size 30 at least, had vanished up a bum crack as deep as the Grand Canyon, and Jimmy yearned to whack his whanger up those knickers' tightly elasticated legs.

Straps were undone, buckles unleashed, and at last the eighth and ninth wonders of the world were released in all their wobbly dimpled glory. Jimmy's hand worked furiously on his foreskin. When the wife of the MFH swung round to pick up a bra from the fitting room chair, her nipples flashed past his peephole, and he had to squeeze tight to prevent a premature ejaculation. She had the huge, underwired bra in her hand now, she was trying to work out which strap went where. She picked up a breast as big as a prize pumpkin, which must have weighed about the same, and tried to fit it into a double Z cup.

Jimmy was in ecstasy, thanking heaven that he'd discovered this small, windowless, scarcely used

# CHECKOUT THE ACTION

MARKS & SPENCER
PENNY
ANY ARTICLE ONE PENNY
ORIGINAL PENNY BAZAAR
ANY ARTICLE ONE PENNY
MARKS & SPENCER

stockroom bordering on the fitting rooms. He had crept in without bothering to switch on the light. He knew his way by feel alone, having been indulging his secret peeping vice for the last twelve years.

"*O-o-oh,*" he groaned, as the woman held both giant breasts up to the mirror. Her ample bum was right before his eyes. He could just make out a damp sweat stain along the seam. He groaned again, wanking ever faster, working up to a wonderful, splashy climax. Then another groan rent the air — but it didn't come from Jimmy . . .

Back behind the cheese counter, kindly but lecherous Mr Madrid, the Spanish manager of the food department, was bending over the prone body of the fainted Jean, whose pale pink panties were very much on show. But, just then, panties were the last thing on his mind, for he had encountered something in his attempt to revive his salesgirl which was way out of the normal range of human sexual experience — namely, a woman with a hairy chest!

For a second, his own heart almost stopped beating, let alone hers, which he had being trying to locate at the time he made his astonishing discovery. Was Jean a trans-sexual? Or did she simply suffer from an unfortunate excess of body hair? To his amazement, his penis began to twitch in his pants. One part of him at least was telling him how excited he was. Perhaps she was hairy all the way down to her pubes, and perhaps those pubes reached down to her knees!

Mr Madrid could scarcely contain himself. The blood was pulsating through his stiffening dick. Any minute now he'd be interrupted by customers. Already he could hear distant voices. There was hardly time for a fuck.

He moved his hand. The clump of hair moved with it. Horrified, Mr Madrid withdrew his hand from Jean's blouse. An indignant and terrified mouse leapt out after it.

"*Gotcha!*" yelled the Spaniard, stamping on the unfortunate creature. Then a sigh from the floor indicated that Jean was coming round.

"Oh, my chest," she murmured.

Mr Madrid was back on his knees in no time. "Yes, my dear?" he said. "Are you in pain?" he added anxiously, as she began to writhe on the lino. Perhaps the mouse had sunk its evil little incisors into some delicate portion of her poor anatomy.

"It was so nice," she whispered.

"What was nice?" he enquired, wondering if her frightening experience had unhinged her slightly.

"Your hand," Jean said quite distinctly, grabbing the senor's hairy fist and shoving it back inside her blouse with far more strength than that of a swooning maiden. Jean's eyes were as wide as a

"HE LIKED TO IMAGINE HIMSELF SMOTHERING IN THEM, SHOOTING HIS WAD WITH TWO GIGANTIC JUGS QUIVERING AROUND HIM."

mad woman's, as she stared at him. "Don't you know how long I've fancied you?" she panted, her skirt riding up to reveal even more of her pink briefs. "If you knew the nights I've spent thinking about you making love to me!"

Now it was her boss's turn for the wide eyes. They nearly popped out, and so did his prick. So all those nights he'd been lying awake in bed fantasising about Jean's curvy, nubile body, and wanking next to his shapeless, snoring wife, she had been lusting after him . . .

It was too much for him to grasp. Besides, now was not a time for thinking, not with his prick twitching to be plunged into a plump little furry pussy. 'Bugger the customers,' he thought, hauling down Jean's panties without further ado, and introducing a fat prick to the juicy delights of a tight 18-year-old cunt.

Jean cried out as he entered her, and locked her feet round his threshing hips.

"Ahem. Service!" called out an impatient male voice.

"I'm already serving," muttered Mr Madrid under his breath.

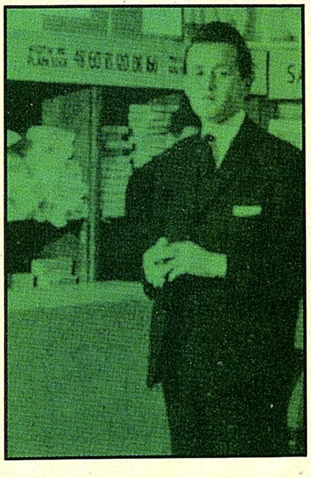
"A pound of Farmhouse Cheddar," shouted the voice.

"Fuck off," muttered Madrid.

*"Fuck me,"* begged Jean.

"What the fuck?" said the voice as its owner, hearing sounds, bent over the counter and saw a bony, bristly bum bouncing up and down, "I'm going to find the manager."

RD SHOPS
COTTON
NIGHT SHIRTS



"HER KNICKERS, SIZE 30 AT LEAST, HAD VANISHED UP A BUM CRACK AS DEEP AS THE GRAND CANYON."

But Jean and Mr Madrid came long before the manager did . . .

In fact, Montague Mann, manager of Bonkin & Muff's, had far better things to do than pay attention to a garbled report about sexual activity in the food department. Sex was nothing compared to shoplifting, a problem which had been growing steadily worse over the last couple of years, eating up more and more of the store's meagre profits. Now, Mann had a plan and he was about to set it in motion. It consisted of a total security system, complete with video equipment and intercoms. The security firm had, unknown to the staff, been working on the installation over the past few weekends. Tomorrow, the staff would be told. But first, he was going to test the new system for himself.

Seating himself before the multiple screens, he prepared to flip a switch . . .

What indiscretions will Montague Mann witness on his monitor screens? Has Jimmy stumbled on something nasty in the stockroom? Find out next month, when Seline from Lingerie and Pam from Perfumery have a messy accident!

# ELIZABETH

*I got a bit of a shock when I saw the colour of Elizabeth's hair in this set. I don't have anything against redheads per se, but I have to admit, I'm not really a fan of red pubic hair. I don't know why, it just sort of frightens me. My Scottish roots (there's a joke in there somewhere) coming out. I was most relieved to see that she didn't have matching collar and cuffs, though. The saving grace of hair dye. Bit confusing, though, innit? Reminds me of the old gag about the similarity between a peroxide blonde and a jumbo jet – they've both got black boxes! Har, har, har!*

Photographed by GEOFF HAYES

# PENPOWER PLUS

◁ 13

breasts. My cock was again as hard as rock, like before she had sucked it. I wanted to see her pussy because I'm sure she had shaved her pubic hair off, that g-string was very small and tiny and I could not see any hairs sticking out at all. I asked her to take the g-string off and she did as I said. I was right she had shaved all her pubic hair off, and it looked absolutely beautiful. She pushed the g-string all the way down her legs to her ankles and stepped out of it and kicked it away. There she stood in just stockings, a suspender belt, high heels and not a thing more. I was also stark naked as I had got my shirt and socks off. Jennifer told me to get off the settee so that she could stretch out on it and have me lick her cunt out.

Jennifer laid on the settee and opened her legs as wide as she could, and I knelt between them. I got in as far as I could, she asked me if I liked her pussy shaved and I said it looked great. I stuck out my tongue and licked the outer lips, I had to hold her legs open because she tried to close them around my head. I pulled her moist outer lips apart and found her swollen clitoris, which was sticking up and out like a hard cock. I ran my tongue around it and bit it with my teeth, she shuddered as I bit her clitoris and tried again to force her legs around my head. I licked her lips and there was pussy juice running out of her all the time. I was holding her lips open as wide as possible, pushing my tongue in and out of her, and rubbing her clitoris at the same time. She was squealing at me to rub her clitoris harder and harder. I put two fingers right up inside her, she climaxed and pussy juice came out all over my face. I had to swallow no end as she came again and again.

### JOKER

**The telephone rang in the garage. The garage manager was out and a mechanic carrying out M.O.T.s answered. M.P. Winterbottom was on the other end and said, "Any cars ready for collection yet, sonny?"**

**"Only fat arse Winterbottom's car."**

**The M.P. blushed, "I beg your pardon?"**

**"I said only fat arse Winterbottom's car," replied the mechanic.**

**"Listen here," shouted the M.P., "do you know just who you're talking to?"**

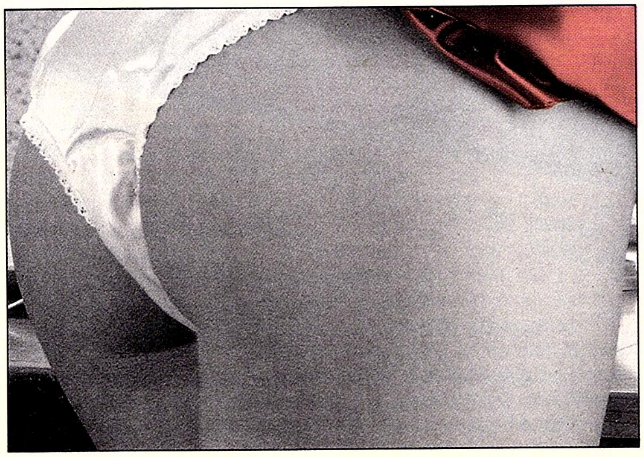
**"Nope," replied the mechanic, "haven't the foggiest."**

**"Well this is M.P. Winterbottom himself. How dare you refer to me as fat arse."**

**The garage mechanic responded, "Do you know who you're talking to?"**

**"No," bellowed the M.P.**

**"Well piss off, fat arse."**



Jennifer then reached out and pulled me on to her. Now that I was on top of her I could do what I had been wanting to do for a long time, and that was to suck her tits. I got hold of her right tit with my right hand and put my mouth to her nipple and licked it. My cock was still rock hard, and it was sticking into her stockinged thigh. I felt her hand touch it, rubbing it up and down her pussy so that it got covered in pussy juice. I pushed it into her and she squealed at me not to be so hard. I had about three inches up her already, then went in to the hilt. I slowly pulled out till only the tip of my cock was inside her, then I thrust deep and hard again. She wrapped her stockinged legs around my waist and pulled me in further, I drove into her again as hard as possible and she was screaming that she wanted it harder. She was pounding her high heels into my buttocks, pulling my head down to her tits and I was sucking hard on her nipples. Then she cried out at the top of her voice as she came, and I could feel her nails rake my back and my shoulders. It felt so good to have cunt juice sliding around my cock as I fucked her as hard as I could. I climaxed and shot my spunk up inside her, it was very hot in her cunt and my cock felt like it was on fire.

### Pun-ilingus

**Chicken feed:**
Cock succour.

**Chinese takeaway:**
A kinky kung fu manoeuvre that leaves your opponent knickerless.

**Clock-teaser:**
An orgy-goer who always comes late.

**Crowded loo:**
A place to mind your pees and queues.

My cock went limp and I pulled it out and laid next to her on the settee, she told me it was the first time she had had sex with someone since her divorce two years ago, and that it was absolutely great to feel a cock do that to her. It was getting late and I told her that I would have to go and get ready as her daughter would be home any minute. But Jennifer said she would not be coming home tonight so I stopped the rest of the night and later found out that they had both set it up for me. — *S.C., Norfolk.*

## Big Trucker And A Midget

Being a long-distance lorry driver, you don't get to see many people, and when you get fed up of the radio, you get to thinking. And I got to thinking so much that I'm now doing a degree with the Open University. I'm not just a pretty face. Well, actually I'm *not* a pretty face, I'm 6'6" tall and big and burly with it — my nickname at school was 'The Hulk'.

Last summer, I was taking a big load of surplus clothes from one large chainstore up North, to another down South. It was past midnight, and I'd just pulled into what passes for a Service Station on the roads of Britain. There I was, drinking my overpriced tea in the half-deserted cafe, thinking about "Literature In Second-Empire Paris" but looking like a big bruiser who couldn't even fill in his football pools, when along came Theresa.

"Excuse me, are you a trucker?" she asked meekly, with an accent that was verging on posh.

"I like a good truck every now and then," I replied, smiling.

She got the double-meaning and flashing a smile back, asked, "Going near Oxford then?"

"Yeah, near enough. Need a lift?"

"Oh thanks. Yes. I've got to get home by morning or my father will kill me."

She was nineteen and really tiny. She couldn't have been over four foot tall, with long blond hair, snub nose and lively blue eyes, but dressed in tatty black clothes — it turned out that she'd been working at a friend's record stall at a pop festival.

▷ 51

# PEN POWER PLUS

◁ 49

I finished my tea, then we went out to my truck. She walked out of the door just ahead of me, and I saw she'd got the most perfectly well-built little bum I'd ever seen. Outside, my cab door was too high for her to reach, so I gave her a lift, during which my hand "accidentally" brushed her backside . . . I'm sure she noticed, but she didn't seem to mind, and we were still chatting away as I pulled out onto the dim road.

After about half an hour, Theresa was getting a bit sleepy, so I reached behind and pulled open the curtain at the back of the cab. "There's a bed back there if you want to get some kip," I said. "Oh, thanks . . ." she murmured, and with a sleepy smiled she clambered over the seat and onto the bunk — leaving her sweet bum perched provocatively just twelve inches from my face, then she was in and the curtains closed. Having her petite honey-scented body so close gave me such a hard-on. I could have steered the truck with my cock, if I'd unzipped my jeans!

I knew that she wanted to go to Oxford, and I was happy to make a bit of a detour for such a cute young girl. So I pulled off the main trunk road, onto one of the smaller roads that would get her nearer to Oxford. It was way past three o'clock in the morning now. I saw an empty lay-by in my headlights, so I stopped for a teabreak. I also wanted to check the road map, because I wasn't sure if I was actually on the right road.

A few minutes after I'd stopped, Theresa's hand came through the curtain. She was wearing an elbow-length glove of white silk and lace! My cock sprang to attention again as she ran her hand through my hair and stroked my neck. I pulled back the curtain and switched on the bunk light. There she knelt, looking impishly sexy in a white silk camisole, gloves, white stockings and suspenders.

I couldn't believe my eyes. I thought for a few dazed seconds that I'd fallen asleep and started dreaming.

Theresa giggled naughtily, clambered to the back of the bunk, and I saw her silk-clad rear disappear through the emergency inspection hatch that goes into the main part of the truck.

I jumped after her, but it's a small hatch, and I had a minute's struggle to get myself through it. Eventually, I dropped into the darkened space. I groped for the light switch, turned it on and looked around. There were hundreds of dresses and bits of lingerie hung on rows of clothes-rails chained together and covered with plastic. The clothes rails were crowded down either side of the truck, with just a narrow gap in the middle, and one corner where some duvets had been stacked.

Theresa was nowhere to be seen, but I knew she must be hiding under all those clothes. Then I heard her call, "I'm sorry, I just couldn't *stand* wearing those grotty clothes any more . . . when I found all these lovely silky things I just *had* to put them on. Please don't be angry. I won't get you into trouble will I?" she wailed.

"Not if you come here right now!" I answered sharply.

She poked her tearful face out from beneath the duvets in one corner. I moved towards her, and she threw her arms around my legs, nuzzled my thighs and looked up at me with those lovely blue eyes, murmuring, "I know it was a silly thing to do. You won't punish me, will you?" "Of course I won't, you fool," I said. I sank to my knees, pulled her out from under the plastic covered duvets, and twisted her gently across my lap. Then I began to stroke her lovely firm silk-clad bum. My cock was like a piston-rod in my trousers, but I wasn't going to hurry things. I slid my fingers over her bum, tweaked aside the damp silk, and slid my thick finger along her wet pussy lips. She let out a long moan of pleasure, but I quickly gripped her small lace-covered wrists and pulled her around so her face was between my legs.

"Unzip me," I said, and released her wrists. Her fluttering hands eagerly pulled down the zip of my jeans and pulled out my straining cock. Now I'm not going to boast about the size of my cock, but let's just say that Theresa looked a bit anxious when she saw it. She bent forward and started kissing and licking my cock while she eased down my jeans. After so much waiting I knew I was going to come soon, so I put my hands behind her blond head and pulled her mouth onto my knob. I saw her lips stretch and slide over it, as her eyes widened with amazement. Soon her little tongue began moving around and I felt myself on the brink of coming. She took another inch and that sent me over the edge, pumping hot waves of come into her gulping mouth.

Theresa lay back on the duvets and began rubbing her fingers against the soaking silk that was clinging against her pussy lips. "Oh no you don't, my girl," I said.

Kneeling beside her, I kissed her full on the mouth and brushed my hand over her nipples, round her tits and down under her camisole until I reached her pussy. I held off from touching her there, until she stopped kissing and gasped, "Please . . . please. Let me come now." As I slipped two fingers into her tight wet pussy, she squealed with pleasure. I began to rub her clit with my thumb and within seconds she was shuddering into an orgasm, gasping and moaning while she tossed her head from side to side.

I stood up, rock hard again and ready for a long grinding fuck. She looked very happy when she saw she was going to have to take the whole of my cock. I tore away her camisole and rubbed my big knob against her small pussy lips, then forced my cock into her tight hole. She made a few shrieks but she was so wet that she was able to take it. I began shafting her with long slow strokes as she kissed and nibbled my nipples. Her low sexy moans became higher and higher pitched as my shafting got faster and deeper. Her lace-covered hands, which were level with my face, suddenly twitched and curled, then I felt her body tense and writhe as she began to come. Her pussy gripped even tighter around my shaft, and with one last thrust, I felt myself coming too. For a moment I just hung there on the edge, then my prick just seemed to explode, blasting waves of spunk into her as she gasped and thrust beneath me.

The sun had just risen over the distant spires of Oxford when I dropped Theresa off at a bus stop. I gave her my address, hoping she might like to repeat the experience some time. We had a final kiss, then I drove off, thinking sadly that I'd probably never see her again.

Two days later, I came back from a trip to Aberdeen, to find Theresa camped on my doorstep.

Well, naturally I took her in, and a year later, we're engaged to be married this November. My engagement present to her was an extra large wardrobe full of sexy new clothes! — *D.H., Birmingham.*

# Fiona

Photographed by JAMES FREEMAN

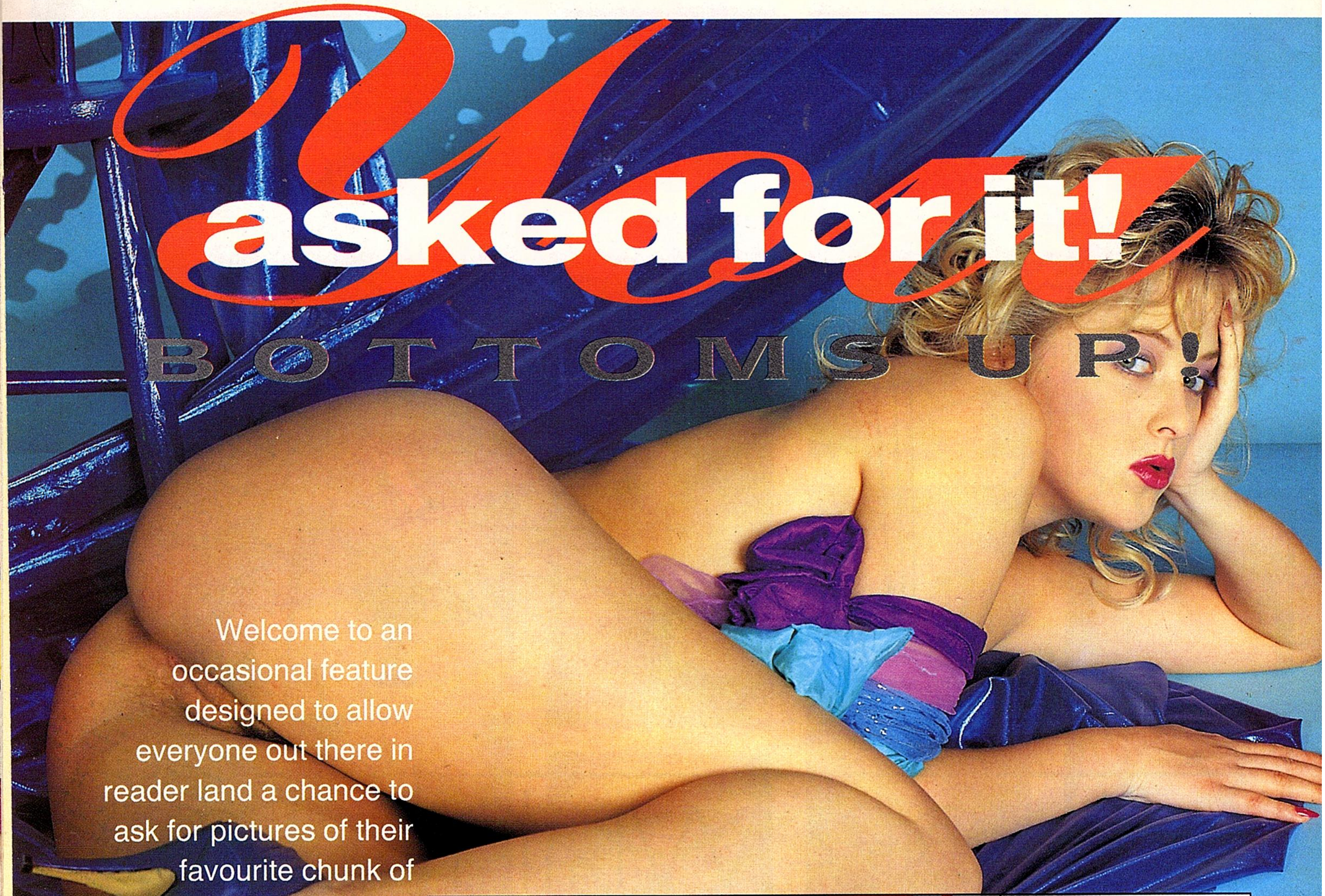
*"This ain't 'alf a classy boiler," uttered Fiesta supremo Mr. Heard, who had casually adopted a 'Cockernee' persona for the day. He was, of course, referring to the delightful Fiona. "I could really do with a peak at her rum and Ribena. I bet she's got a wicked Jack and Danny," he continued, in his urban, streetwise manner. "Yes," we agreed, "and she has a fine pair of Bristols, as well!" "Er, what do you mean?" exclaimed the confused Mr. H. "Bristol Cities!" we explained. "Oh, I imagined that she was a Chelsea supporter!" he said, rushing off with his cockles between his legs as we laughed long and hard.*

KNAVE

# Fiona

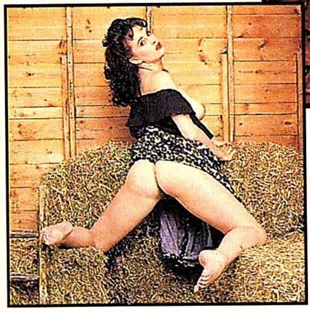
# You asked for it!

## BOTTOMS UP!



Welcome to an occasional feature designed to allow everyone out there in reader land a chance to ask for pictures of their favourite chunk of female anatomy . . .

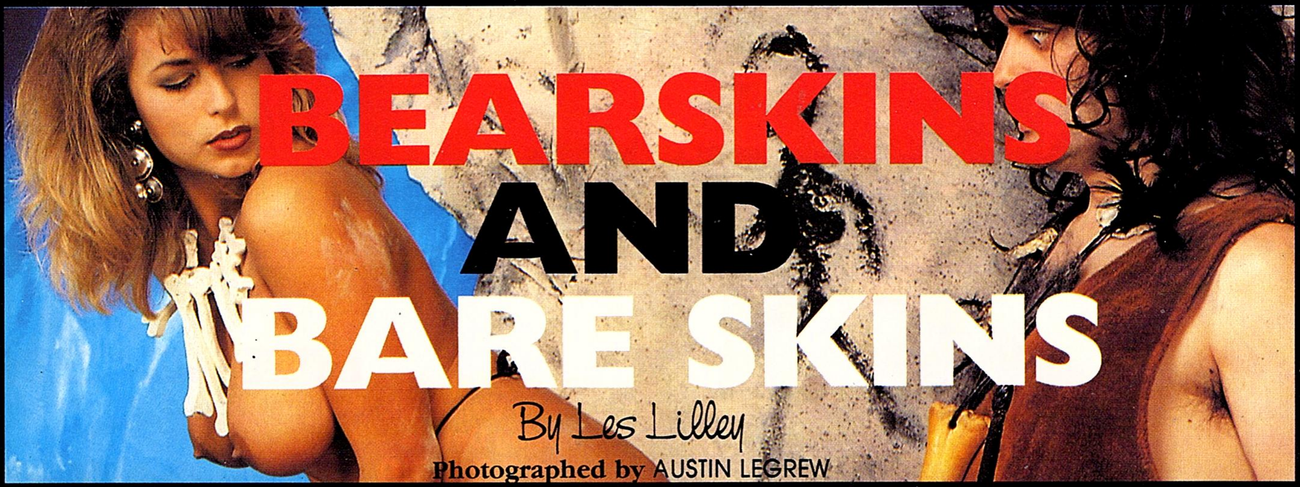
Dear Sir,
I have been reading Knave for some time now, and have approved of the various changes that have been made to it over the years. However, my personal predilection being bottoms, I was wondering if you had any plans to produce a special issue dedicated solely to the bum. I'm sure many of your readers would appreciate it, and that it would be a success. I look forward to hearing your comments on the subject. — *J.G., Wrexham.*



What can I say? Bums have always been a particular fave of mine, so putting together a little, er, spread, on them for J.G. was something of a pleasure. If you have any bits and pieces you'd like us to focus on, just drop us a line at the address given in our Penpower Plus section.

Later, dudes,

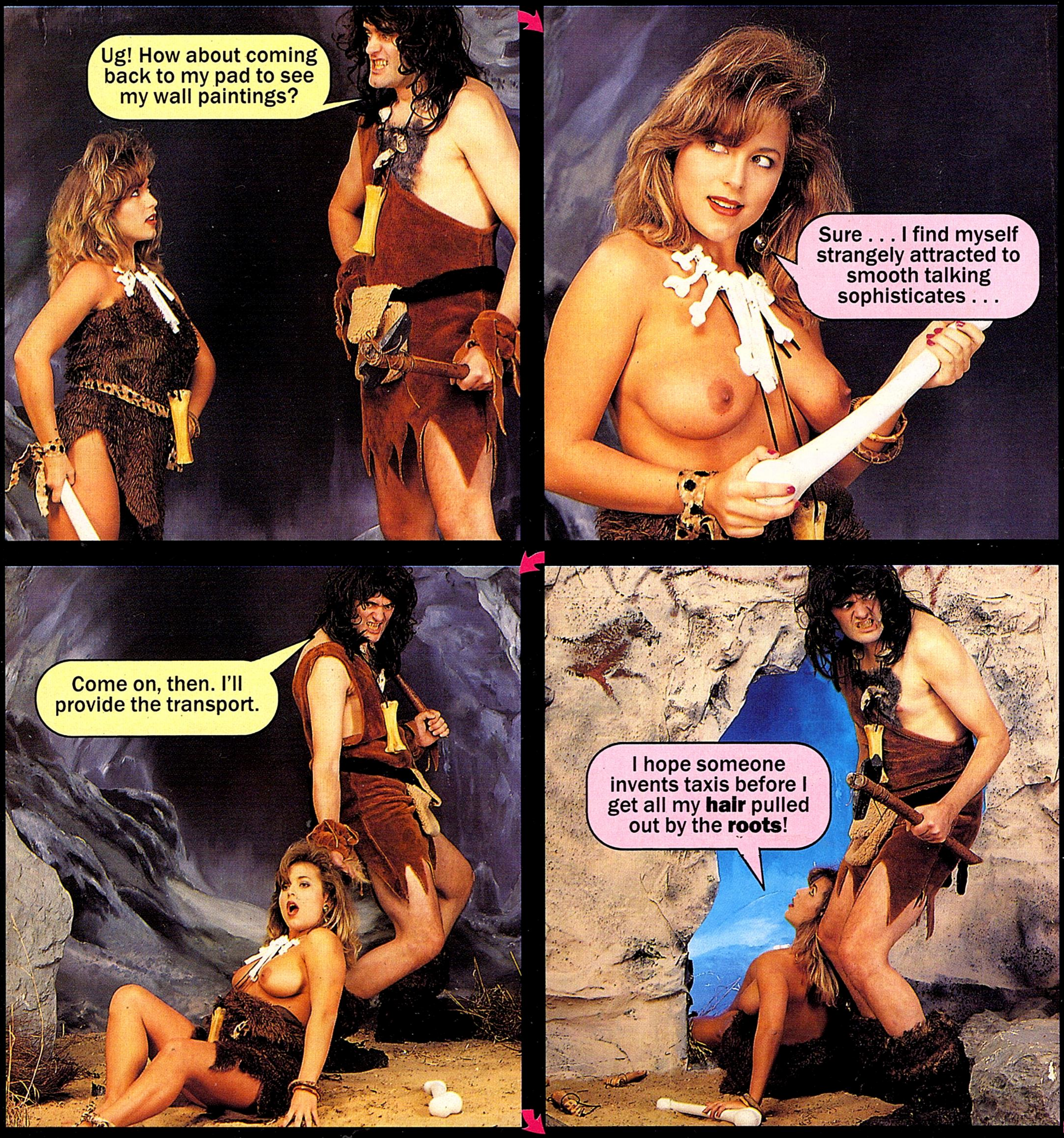
Spenser

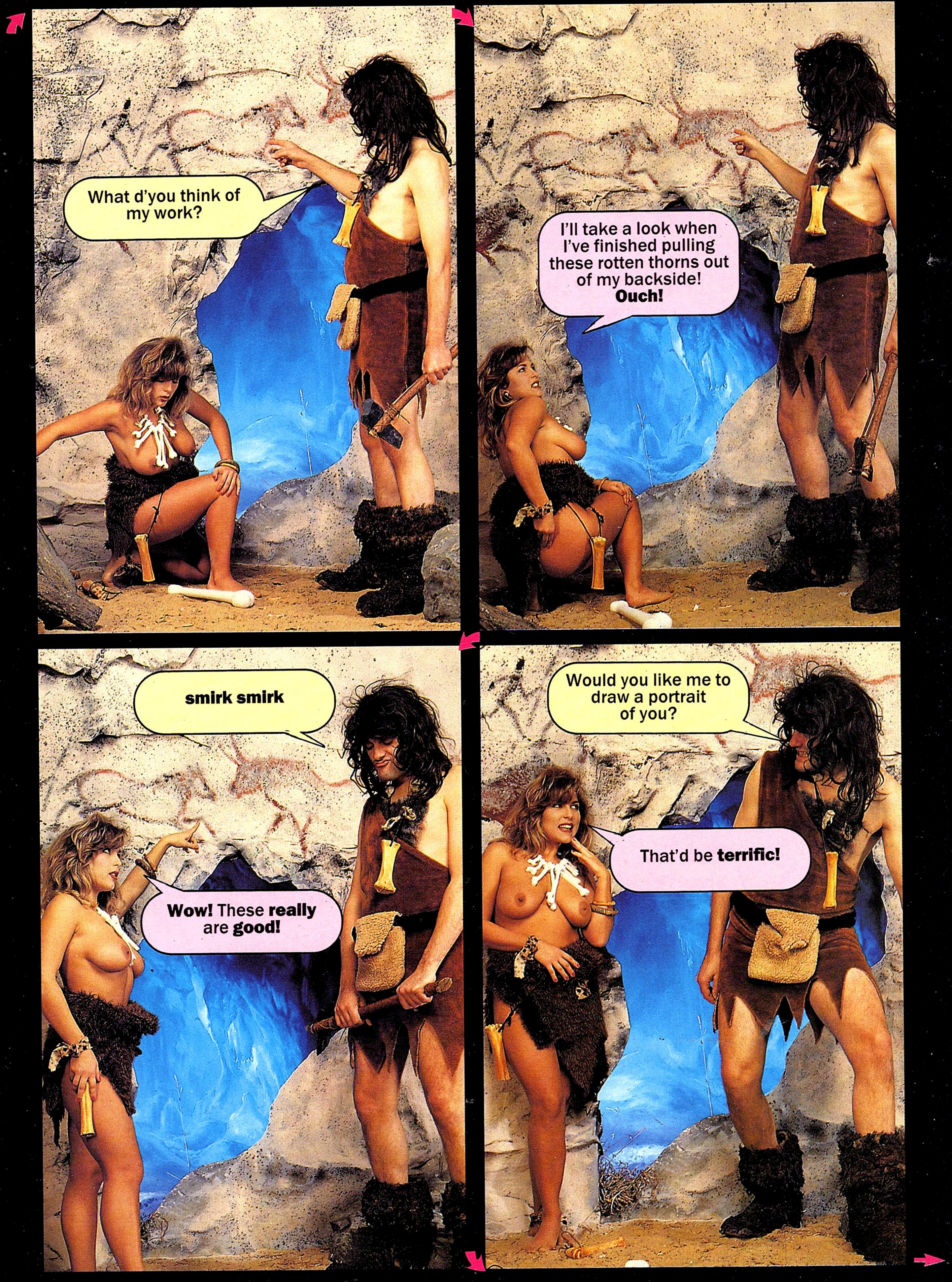


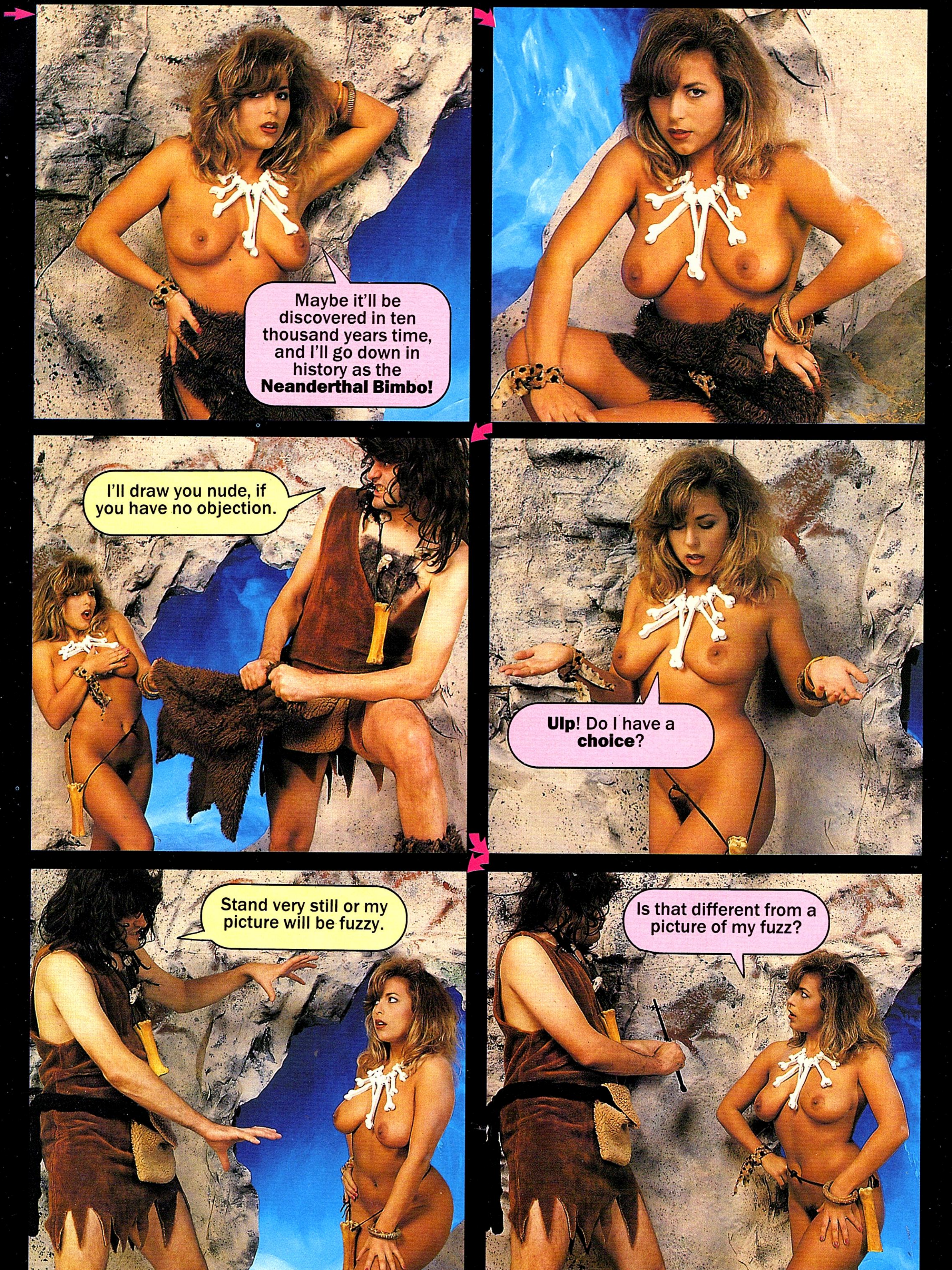
# BEARSKINS AND BARE SKINS

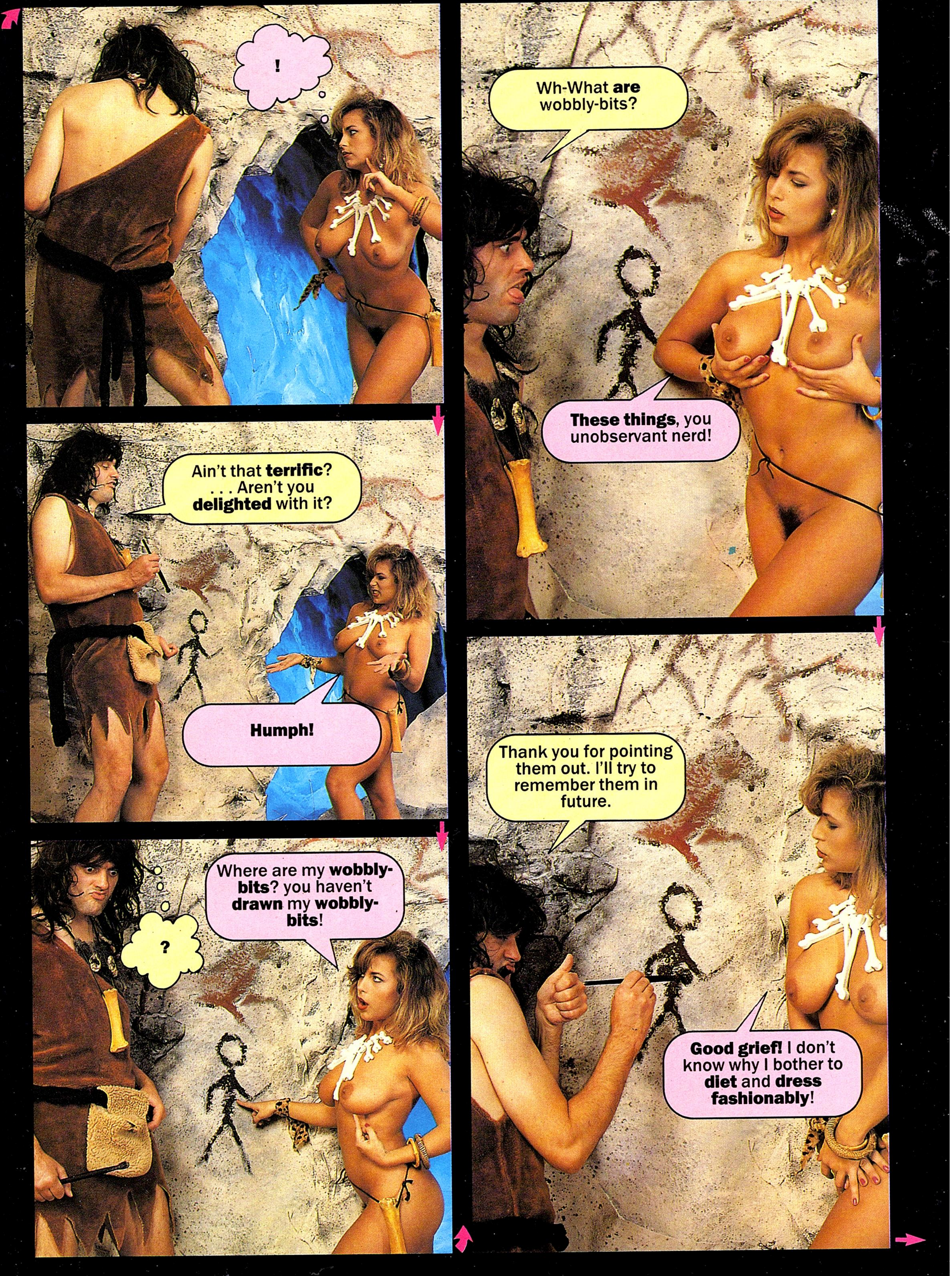
By Les Lilley

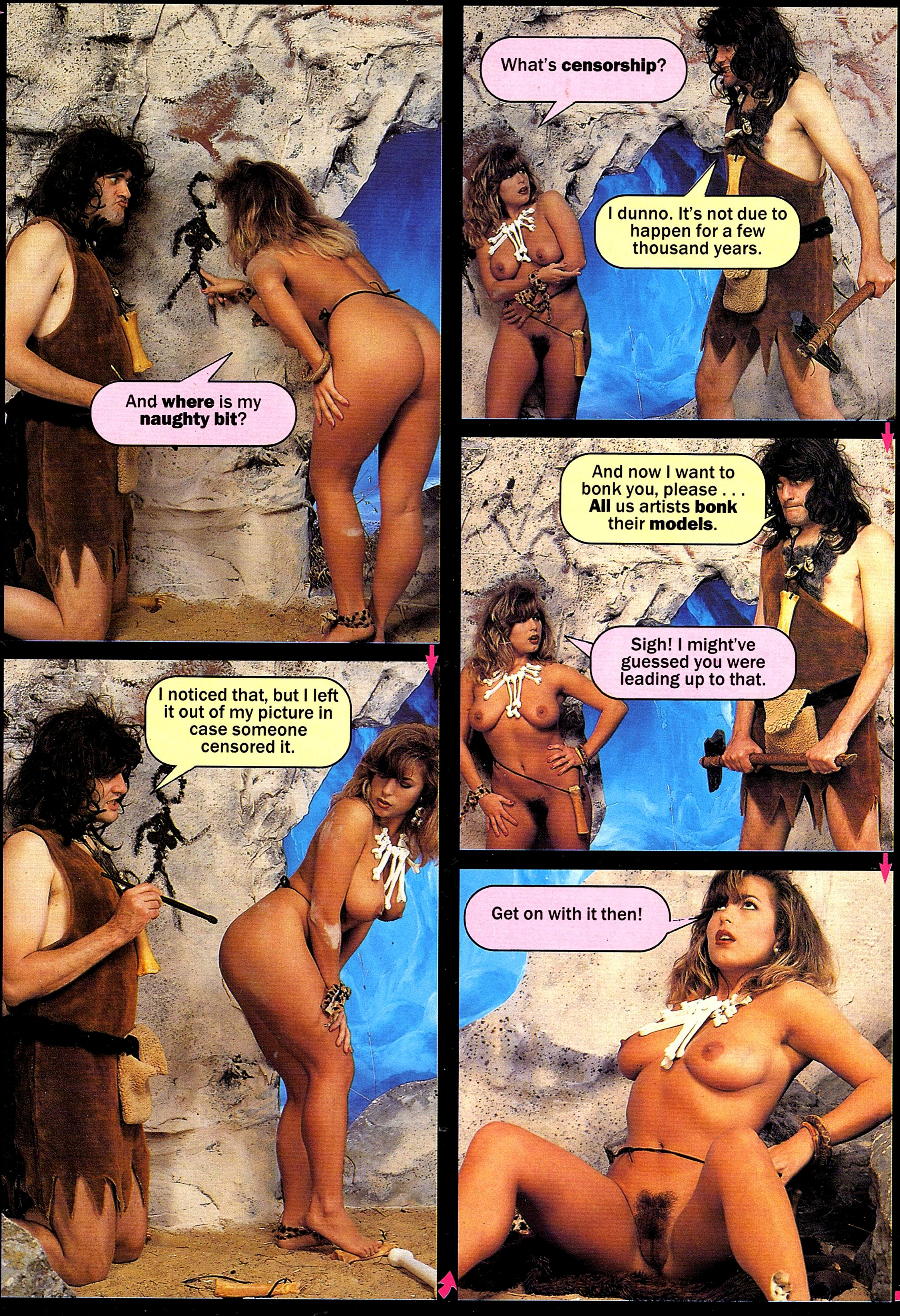
Photographed by AUSTIN LEGREW

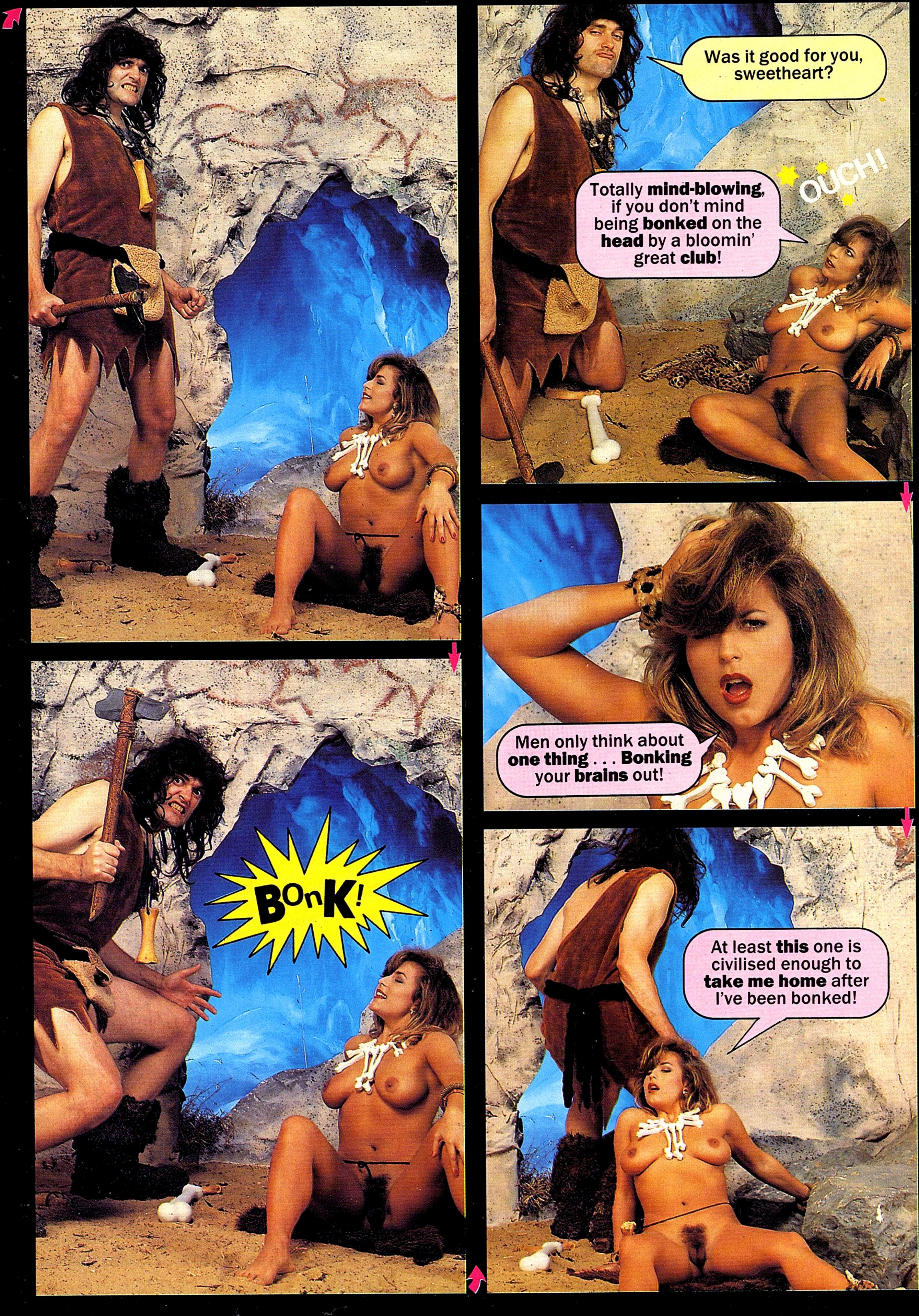

Ug! How about coming back to my pad to see my wall paintings?
Sure . . . I find myself strangely attracted to smooth talking sophisticates . . .
Come on, then. I'll provide the transport.
I hope someone invents taxis before I get all my **hair** pulled out by the **roots**!


What d'you think of my work?
I'll take a look when I've finished pulling these rotten thorns out of my backside! **Ouch!**
**smirk smirk**
**Wow!** These **really** are **good!**
Would you like me to draw a portrait of you?
That'd be **terrific!**

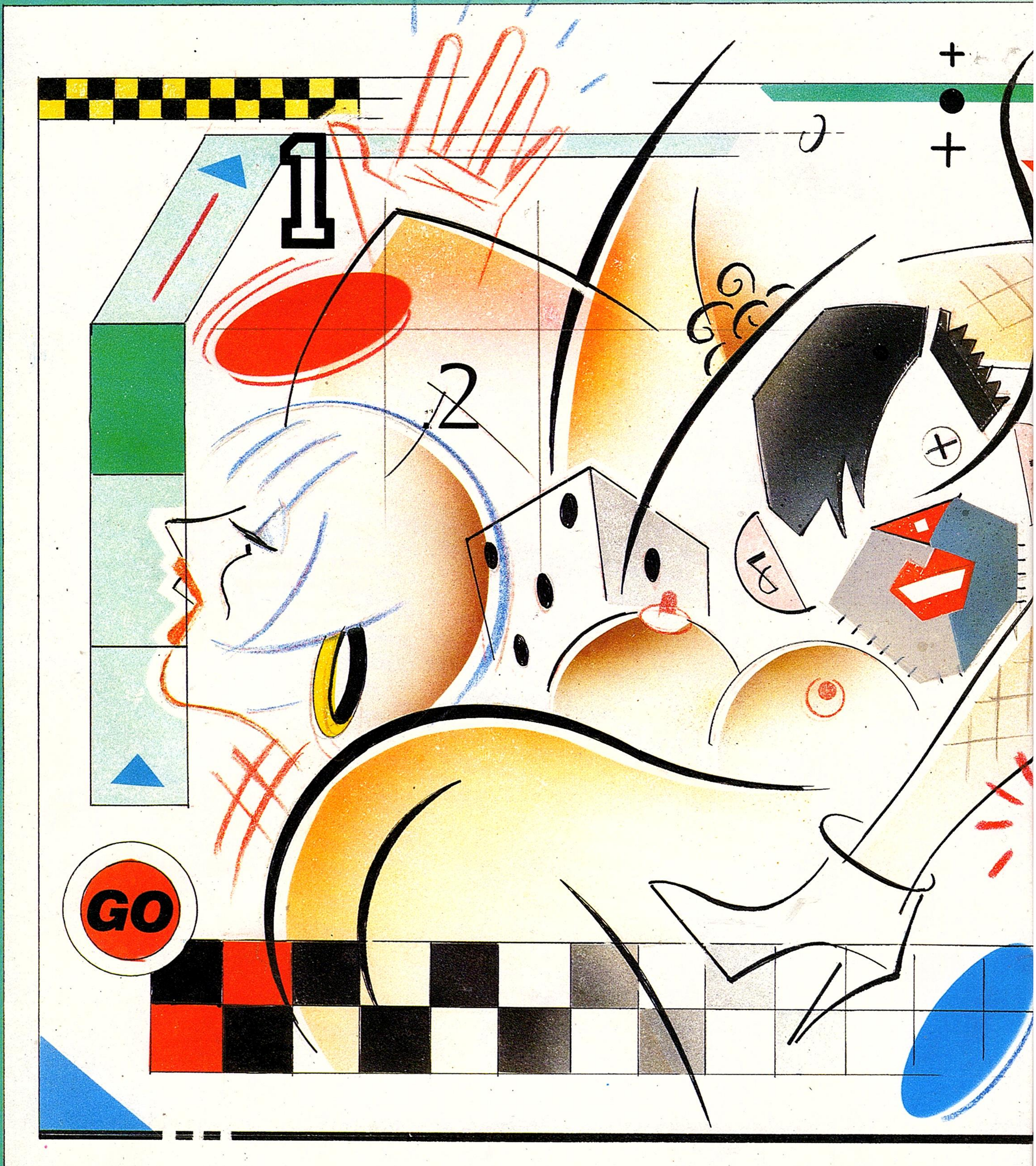

Maybe it'll be discovered in ten thousand years time, and I'll go down in history as the **Neanderthal Bimbo!**
I'll draw you nude, if you have no objection.
**Ulp**! Do I have a **choice**?
Stand very still or my picture will be fuzzy.
Is that different from a picture of my fuzz?


!
Ain't that terrific? . . . Aren't you delighted with it?
Humph!
?
Where are my wobbly-bits? you haven't drawn my wobbly-bits!
Wh-What are wobbly-bits?
These things, you unobservant nerd!
Thank you for pointing them out. I'll try to remember them in future.
Good grief! I don't know why I bother to diet and dress fashionably!


And where is my naughty bit?
I noticed that, but I left it out of my picture in case someone censored it.
What's censorship?
I dunno. It's not due to happen for a few thousand years.
And now I want to bonk you, please . . . All us artists bonk their models.
Sigh! I might've guessed you were leading up to that.
Get on with it then!


BOnK!
Was it good for you, sweetheart?
OUCH!
Totally mind-blowing, if you don't mind being bonked on the head by a bloomin' great club!
Men only think about one thing . . . Bonking your brains out!
At least this one is civilised enough to take me home after I've been bonked!

# wome



# n's

If there's one thing ANALISE BOND knows about, it's lust and how to satiate it. Which is why she was the ideal choice as tester for our sex aids series. Before your very eyes, Analise will moan and spasm her way through a host of love toys, rating each one individually. We like to think of it as a road test with a difference!

**You won't need me to tell you that, over the years, I've tried out a huge range of sex aids — the kind of gadgets, creams and videos you often see advertised on the pages of Knave.**

**Some have proved to be invaluable while others were okay for a laugh but definitely not as good as the real thing!**

**I've kept the bits and pieces in what my fellas jokingly refer to as "Analise's Box of Tricks" and now I've been asked to share their secrets with you.**

Board games, on the surface, may appear tame, but they're open to interpretation. For instance, when you land on the square that says **Remove One Item of Clothing**, it's up to you to decide which item! Get the picture?

"Viv's number came up — and so did Sam's pecker by the look of lust on his face!"

They can liven up a dull evening, especially if you're primed with alcohol beforehand. Me, my guy Sam, and my flatmate, Viv, were lounging around the flat one very wet Sunday and Sam suggested we play Foreplay.

Briefly, everyone picks a coloured token and also throws the dice to decide on a running order. If a player lands on a square and has to pick up a Card (blue for the boys and pink for the girls!) players can decide whether they want to move forward or backwards (depending on if they want to surge ahead into the **Meaningful Relationship Safety Zone** on the board, or backwards, so they'll keep landing on the **Roll to choose who to kiss** or **Roll to touch a part of somebody's body**). You can't pick who you decide to kiss or fondle. That too is left to the luck of the roll, as each dice number corresponds to a player's token colour.

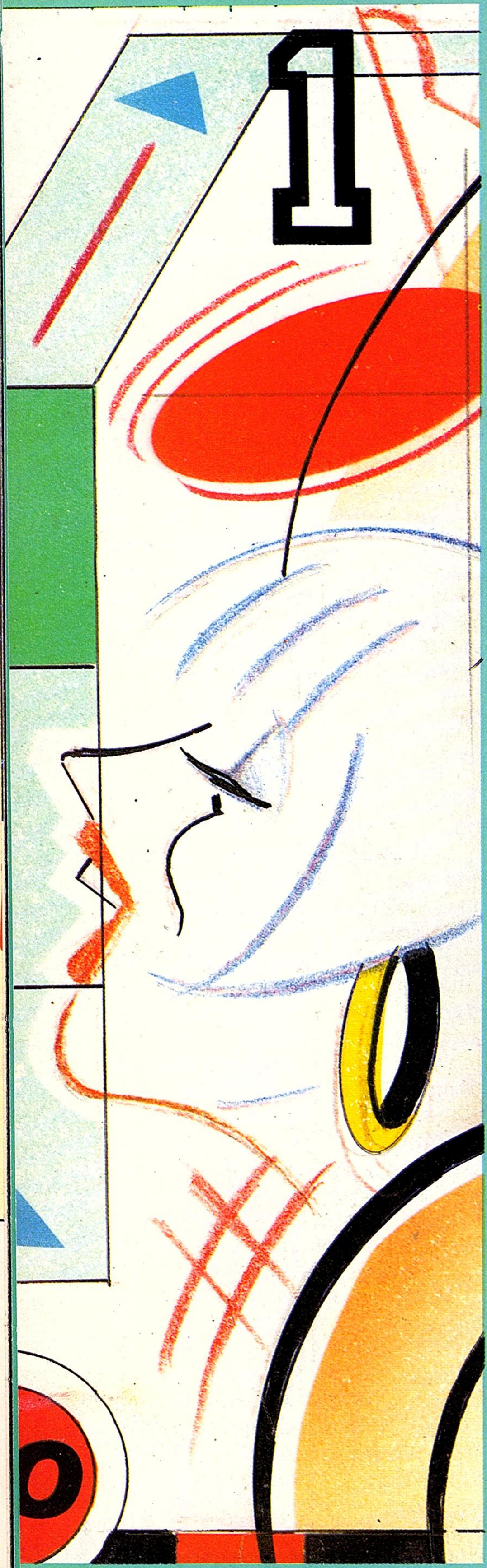
"Quickly, I slipped out of my skirt, revealing nothing but a pair of suspenders."

Sitting cross-legged on the floor, the start of play went something like this: Analise throws 4. Lands on **Remove An Article of Clothing.** (I hadn't been wearing very much to begin with so decided to do my sexy rolling-the-stocking-down-one-leg routine).

Sam throws 1. **Touch A Part of Somebody's Body (Roll To Choose Who)** You've guessed it. Viv's number came up — and so did Sam's pecker by the look of lust that was on his face as he fondled my flatmate's boobs! I noticed her nipples hardening under her thin sweater.

Viv throws 5. **Free Space.** Good, I thought, bitchily, that'll give her time to cool down until it's her turn to roll the dice again. Analise throws 3. Moving forward three spaces landed me once again on **Remove An Article of Clothing**!!! This time, I decided drastic measures were called for. Quickly, I slipped out of my skirt, revealing nothing but a pair of suspenders

# women's Own



with one stocking still hanging on. I made a great play of not wearing any panties and, as Sam picked up the dice, lay back and began stroking my own cunny.

Sam throws 6. **Pick A Card** "Your Girlfriend has been out of town for a week. If you've been doing crossword puzzles, move ahead one space. If you've been practicing the hand organ, move back one space." He looked at me, grinning wickedly and moved forward one space — straight into **Roll To Choose Who To Kiss**". This time, my number did come up.

With great deliberation, Sam leaned forward and began kissing my cunny, his tongue playing around with my clit.

"Hey," I laughed, "are you sure that's allowed?"

> "Still working my mouth up and down on Sam's machine, I trailed the tip of my tongue over his glans."

"Well, it doesn't say **where** I'm supposed to kiss you!"

By the time we'd all had another throw of the dice, I was getting pretty impatient for Sam to fuck me, especially as he'd already done a pretty good job of getting me going with that kiss!

Next, he threw a **Remove An Article of Clothing** and promptly stripped off his jeans and underpants, all in one go. There, bursting forth for us all to see was his massive hard-on! Sod the stupid game, I thought, crawling towards my guy and enveloping his throbbing penis in my mouth. Instead of complaining that this wasn't in the rule books, Viv decided to join in!

Quick as a flash, she undressed and went to sit atop Sam's head, burying her beaver into his face. I could imagine the tricks his tongue would play on her cunny and crossed my knees in anticipation of things to come.

Still working my mouth up and down on Sam's machine, I trailed the tip of my tongue in circular movements on his glans.

Viv was riding Sam's head, making these loud groaning noises, sounds which I'd never heard coming from her bedroom before — and we'd been sharing a flat together for 8 months!

It was too much. I transferred his hot, throbbing weapon into my love hole and began riding Sam, too!

He was having the time of his life with two women sitting on top of him, both galloping furiously to the finishing post. Bouncing up and down, my buttocks slapping onto Sam's thighs, I ground and bumped, as he penetrated deeper and deeper into me with each thrust.

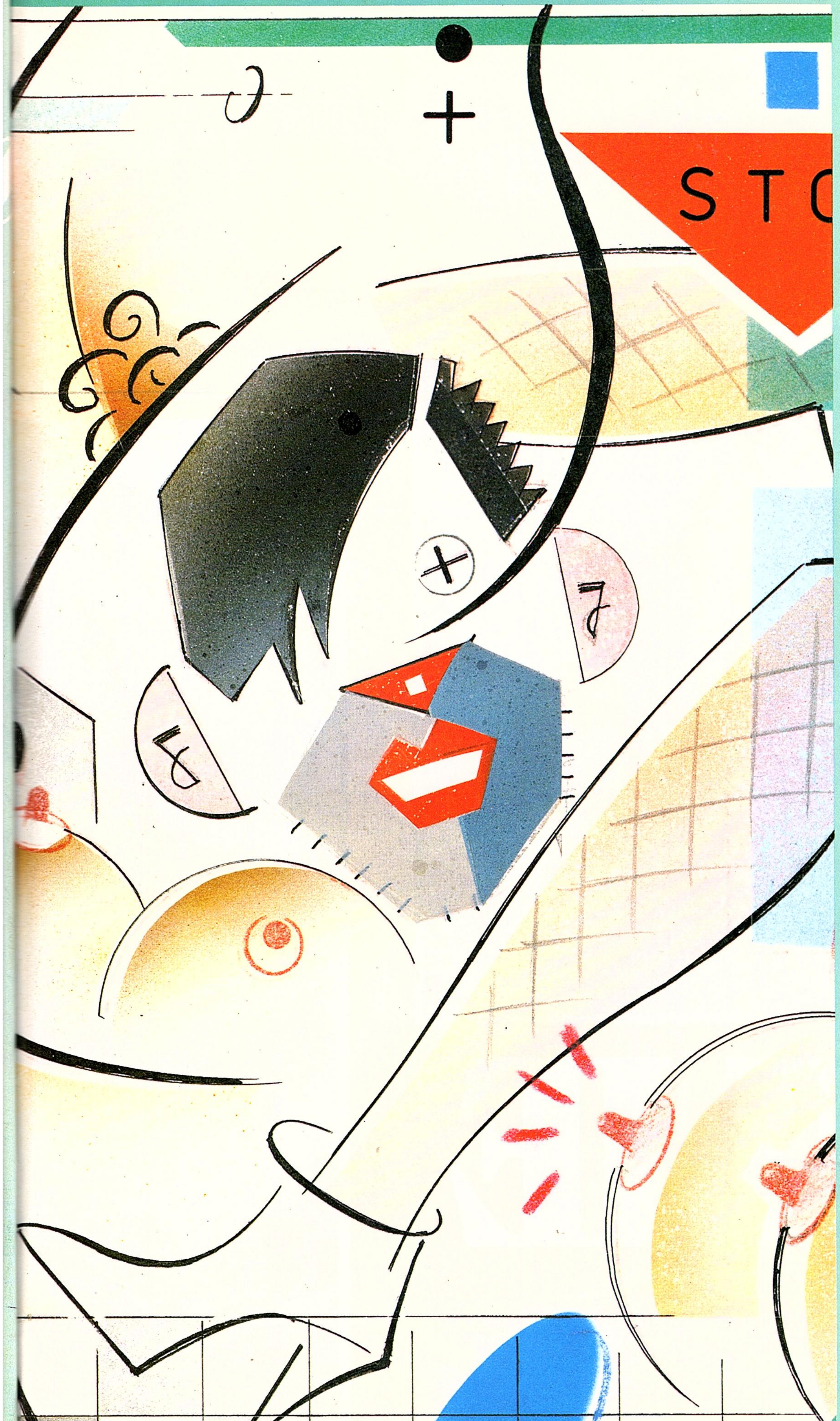
Suddenly, he stopped his sucking on Viv's pussy to let out a huge yell, shooting his love cream into **my** cunny. The final action of feeling his hot juices invading my insides made me climax too!

Spent (but only for a minute), I lay back and watched as Sam fulfilled his obligations to Viv. They'd turned over now, so's she was under him, but his body seemed to be growing out from between her legs. If anything, the noises she was making were getting louder.

Then, with a huge moan, Viv suddenly went lifeless.

We left her lying on the floor, surrounded by the board and playing cards and sneaked back into the bedroom to see what other secrets my box of tricks would hold for us . . .

FOREPLAY is available from Valentine's, price £19.95. I'd recommend you to buy it if you know you have friends who'd enjoy joining in with a little good-humoured fun. But, if you've a very shy girl whom you want to get to know better, it may be better to prime her up with a little alcohol beforehand so she loses her inhibitions.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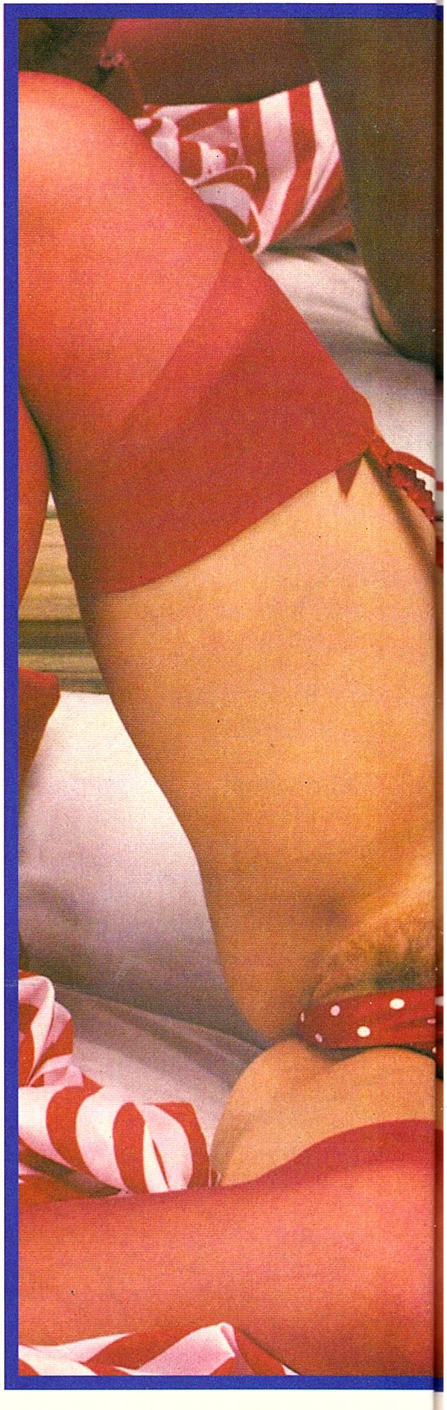
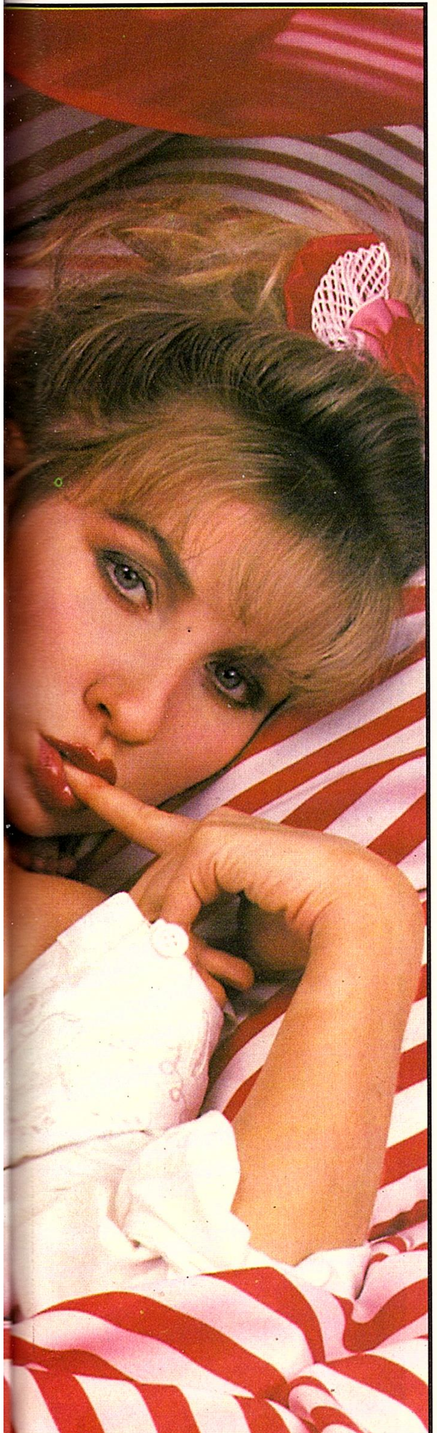
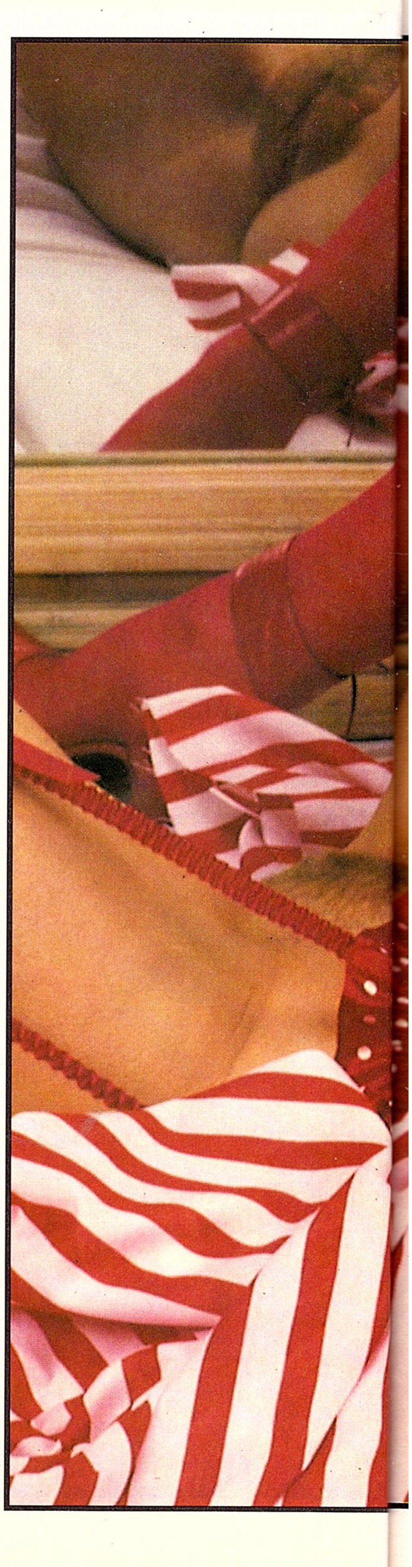


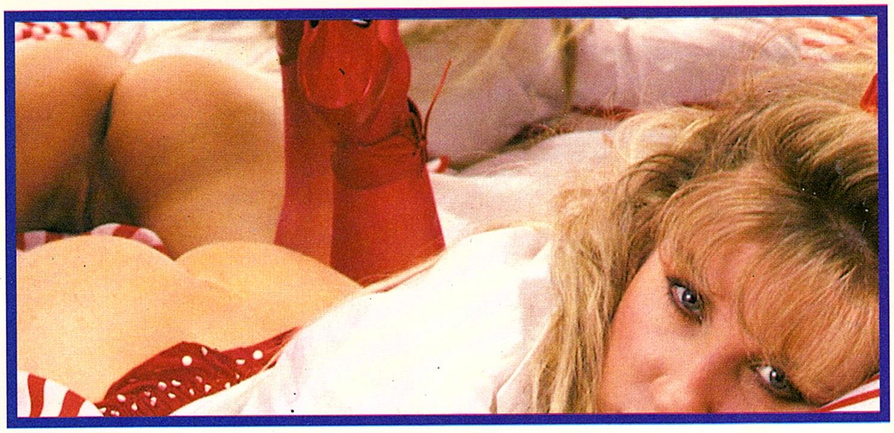
# JULIE



*Rude in red and twice as raunchy as a really raunchy thing, Julie pouts and simpers her way off the pages and into your trousers. A move specifically designed to take you to the precipice of an orgasmic abyss from which there can be no return. Those candy stripes pounding their image into the back of your retina and sending their pulsing messages to your loins. Sexual chemistry with an X certificate. A lover for all seasons. As Richard, our hep-cat assistant would say: "A street walking cheetah with a handful of napalm."*

Photographed by MRA





# it happened to ME

**This is where you get to tell use exactly what, or who you've been up to, and how many times. This section is especially for those adventures which just won't fit into Penpower Plus, and absolutely all the letters you read here are real — the only things we change are the names and places to protect the innocent. For every sexploit printed, we'll pay a gigantic £50! So send your confessions to: I.H.T.M., Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.**

## Lucky In Lust

As an avid reader of *Knave*, I get a charge out of your readers' adventures. Recently — during a summer cruise on board the elegant *Wayward* — I enjoyed a raunchy escapade of my own with a sexy, young British Blackjack dealer.

On our first night out of the Los Angeles harbor, I feasted on a gourmet dinner of duck a l'orange and Baked Alaska flambé in the posh dining room — where I made idle chit-chat with bleary-eyed honeymooners — and then I drifted into the casino in search of some real action.

When I caught sight of 6'1" Neal, dealing "21" beneath the bright lights of the sparkling chandelier, I almost stopped breathing. Neal was the most compelling man I had seen in a long time, and every woman in the place had her antennae up. He had a blonde crew cut that shone like a halo, and he looked more like a refugee from the pages of a fashion mag than a dealer skimming the warm waters of the Pacific.

When Neal saw me — dressed in black gloves, fuck-me high heels and a replica of Mariyln Monroe's *Niagara* dress — he did a double-take and beckoned me to his table.

"I hope you're not going to steal my hard earned cash, Neal," I teased him, reading the name badge pinned to his shirt.

"I'm very gentle, darling," Neal promised as I plopped a twenty dollar chip on the table and the cards fluttered across the surface of green felt.

Neal wore a diamond serpent ring on his finger, and, when he pulled an ace out of the deck for me — followed by the ten of spades — I looked up, smiling, to see larceny and lust in his eyes.

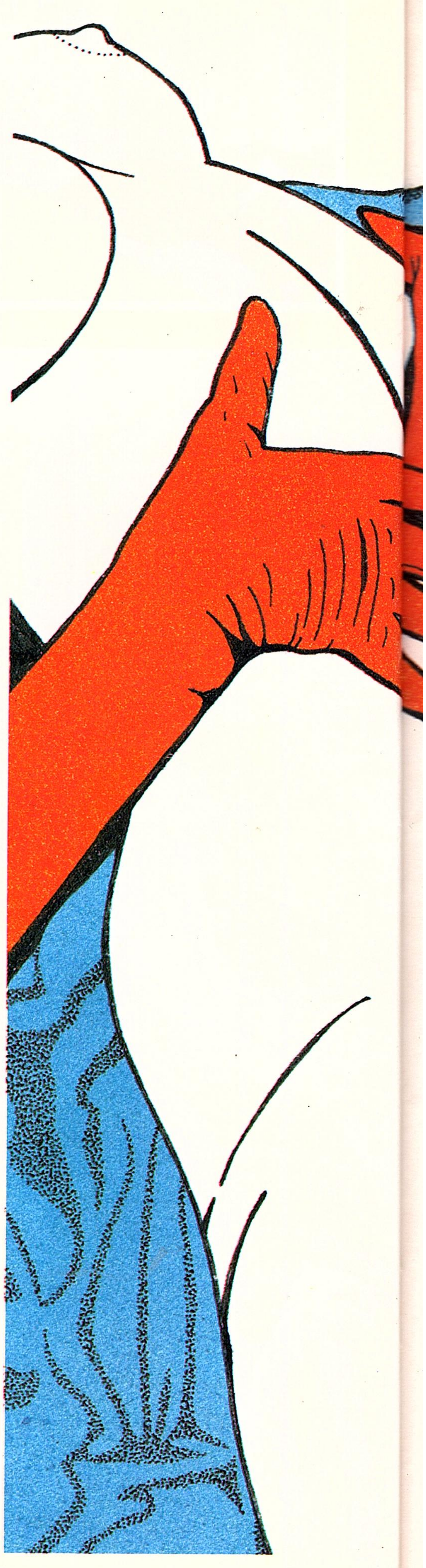
"I think we're about to capsize, Neal," I said as the boat listed.

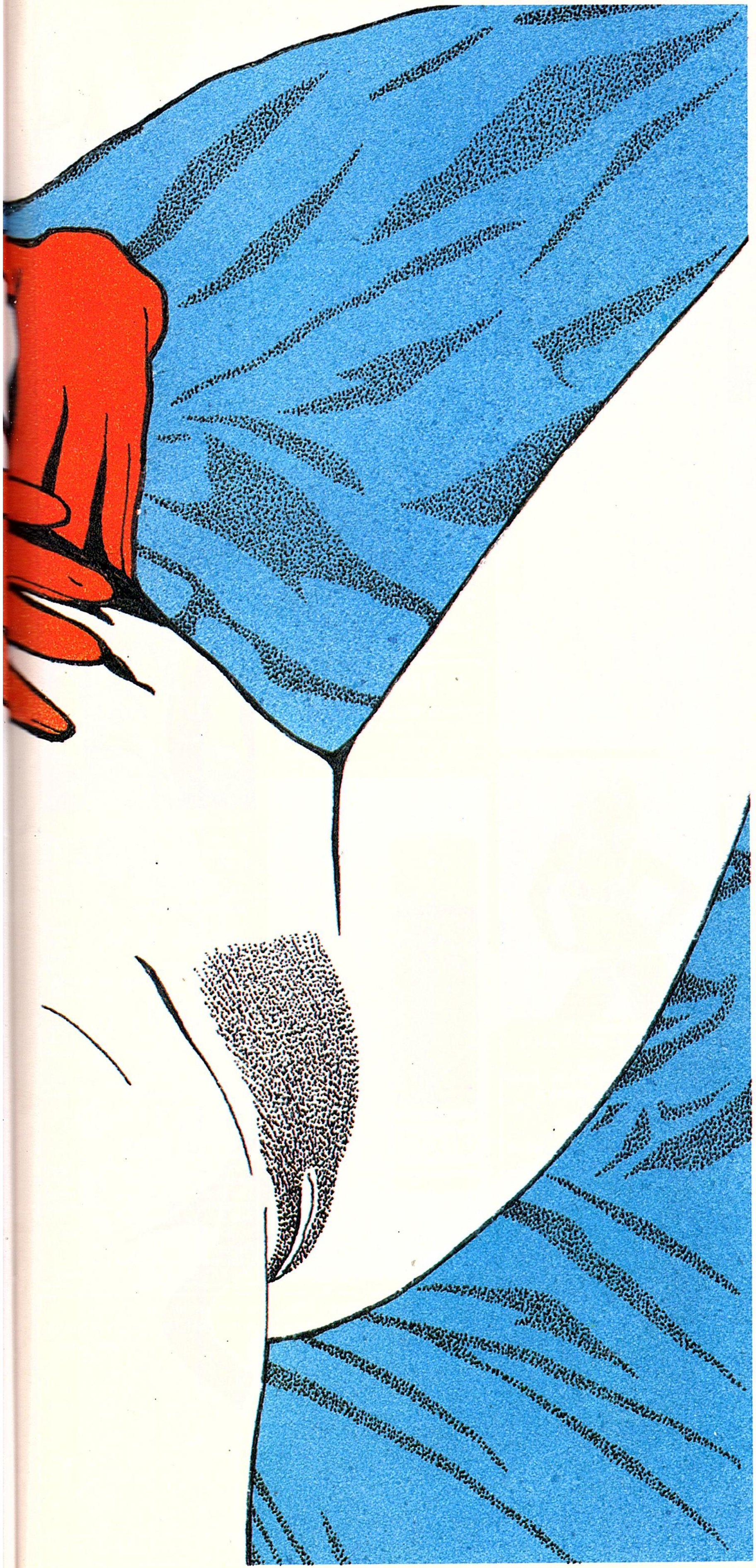
"Wouldn't that be lovely?" he suggested, staring at the strand of pearls which hung between my huge breasts.

"Why, this is just the ticket," I told him, laughing and raking in my chips.

A crowd had formed around our table and a young drunk standing nearby me asked what made me so lucky.

"You know the old saying," I sighed, leaning back to cross my silky legs, "lucky in cards, unlucky in love."





"Oh, I seriously doubt that," Neal offered, as he started to deal the next hand. The ace of hearts miraculously appeared, but it was followed by a disappointing nine.

"You can do better than *that* Neal," I laughed as he dealt himself an ace, "I'm hoping to bust you."

"Well, we'll see about that, darling, won't we?" he countered, turning over his other card. It was a five.

The group around our table was growing larger and even the pit boss, ambled over to check things out.

"I'll bet you the moon on a silver platter that the next card you deal yourself is a six," I taunted.

"You're on!" Neal beamed.

Just as I thought he would, he slid a six out of the shoe and followed it with a ten. Busted! The crowd around us burst into applause and Neal put up his hands in mock despair.

"Love, I surrender!"

He gave the deck to his replacement and grabbed my hand.

"Come on," he said, putting on his tuxedo jacket. "I owe you the moon on a silver platter . . ."

We went out onto the deck and he led me to a staircase near the lifeboats. Then we started our descent to the bowels of the ship.

He ushered me down three flights of stairs and through a heavy steel door. When the engine clanked and simmered raucously, the ship bucked and Neal steadied me as I lurched against him. I was surprised to feel a huge hard-on in the folds of his slacks.

He led me into a room that was almost pitch black, but I was quickly able to make out the outline of his face and I moved my head toward his to kiss him. His firm hands encircled my tiny waist and he urged me closer. His hard-on was even bigger than before.

He pulled away from me and, taking his lighter from his jacket pocket, lit the candle that sat on top of a pile of boxes. The room took on an eerie golden glow.

The room was warm, and beads of perspiration formed on my forehead. I took Neal's face in my hands and plunged my tongue into his mouth. Deftly, he unzipped my dress and it fell to the floor in a graceful heap.

"Why, you're not wearing anything underneath," he scolded, "you're a *very* bad girl!"

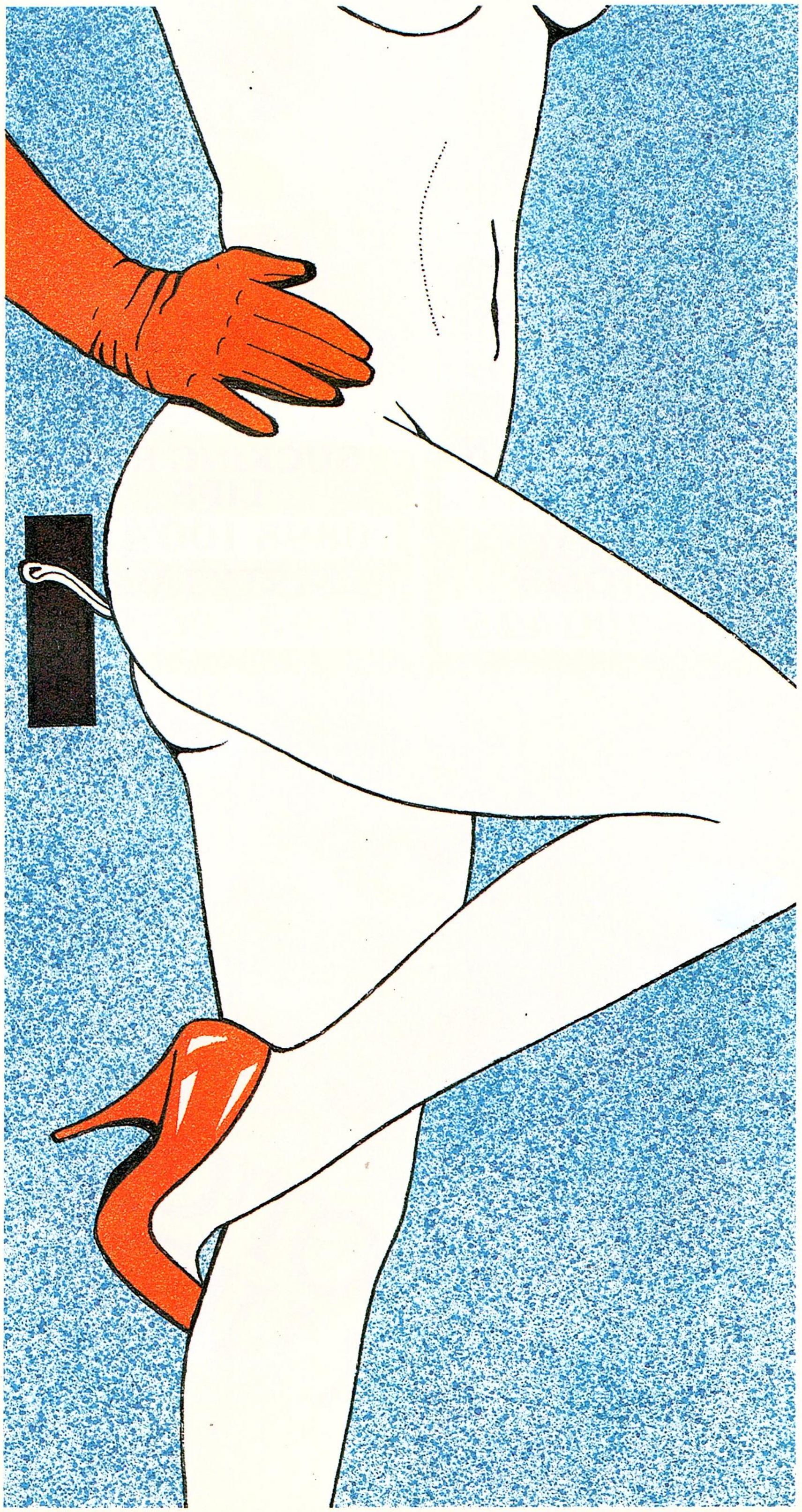
He moved his hands slowly down the front of my body and dropped to his knees.

His fingers explored every inch of my skin between my ankle and my inner thigh. He pushed my legs

# it happened to ME

apart with his palms, and rubbed his cheek along the curve of my belly. Soon his fingers reached the moist place between my legs and, as I began to reel from that delicious sensation, he cupped my ass firmly and kissed my rose wet lips.

"We have all the time in the world," he sighed. And then, "I'm gonna suck and fuck you 'til morning."



After ten minutes of exploring my nest with his adept tongue, he lay me down on top of a blanket on the floor. Then he started to undress himself slowly in the flickery candlelight, and I thought my heard would burst at the sight of his tanned biceps. As he removed his pants, I was amazed to see that his cock was even bigger than I'd imagined. It was *enormous* and I wanted to lick him dry.

I reached up to tongue his erect rod, and he put his hands on my shoulders, bending slightly to accommodate me. I devoured him in my hungry mouth.

"Yessss, that's it!" he sighed, closing his eyes and pushing his tool farther into my mouth. "Suck me!! Lick me!!" he added.

I wrapped my delicate hands around his immense manhood and swallowed it to the hilt. Occasionally I paused to flit my tongue over the tip and kiss his balls. When he was as hard as steel and about to come, he pulled away from me and told me to get on all fours.

I obliged and, as the ship listed, Neal and I did a balancing act with flawless copulation. He rammed my sweet pussy from behind and went in so far, I thought he'd reach my esophagus.

"Do you fancy my big dick, luv?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, yes. YES!! Fuck me, you limey stud!!! FUCK ME!!"

He pulled his cock out of my tight quim, but just far enough to tease my clit. When he rammed it back in, I knew I would come before I was ready.

His tool pushed in and pulled out, pushed in and pulled out as his balls slapped my ass and he reached underneath me to caress my bobbling tits. When he simultaneously pinched my nipple and pulled his cock out to brush my clit, I came faster than a speeding locomotive.

"I'M COMING!! I'M COMING!!" I screamed and he fucked me more frantically.

When he finally came, he filled every inch of my twat with his luscious love nectar and then lay down beside me.

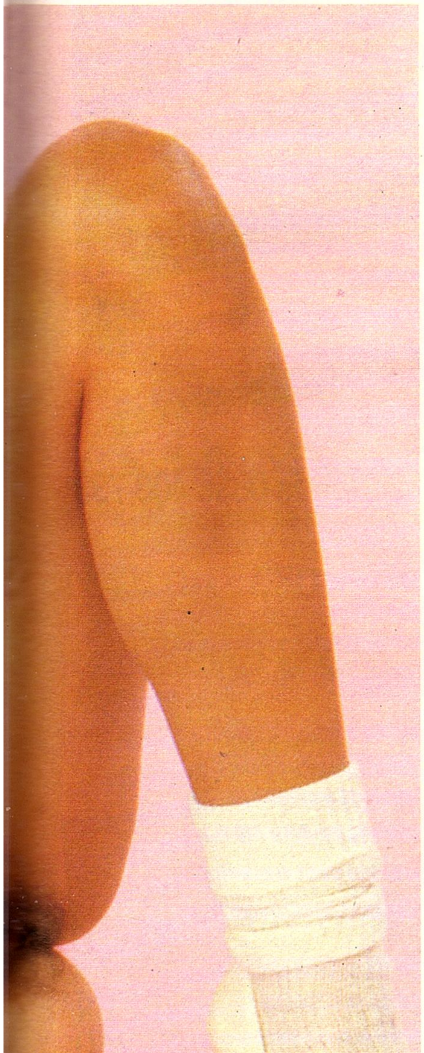
"Do you still think you're unlucky in love, darling?" he wanted to know, running his hand over my heaving tits.

"I couldn't be luckier," I laughed, lowering my head to take his tumescent cock in my mouth. He was hard in no time and I knew we'd be there all night, reeling and rocking our way through the balmy Pacific to Mexico. — *J.M., Remo.*

# GAYLE

*"Oh yeah, this is more like it. Ooooh . . . huuuh . . . ehh-oh."* The Editor had spoken. Well, he does come over all unnecessary when he sees this particular lady. Normally, we try to hide the pictures because we know the strange, nay, mystical effect they have on his pants, but I guess we slipped up this time. Still, now that he's gone to the loo, we can at least talk about Gayle in peace. No wonder he tends to explode in a welter of fluid when he sees her, just look at that body — food for the Gods. And that face; surely it belonged to an angel in a previous era. And those breasts, perhaps they belonged to a wet dream I had in 1978 . . .

Photographed by SVEN GIRLI



*Got a nasty itch in your nethers and can't reach it? Partner not coming up to scratch? Fear of the opposite sex? Fear of the sex right next to you? We've got the perfect solution. BETTE NOIR, Knave's own sexual paracetamol will kiss it better . . .*

# What's YOUR PROBLEM?

**Darlings: Just an issue's departure from your heart-to-parts dilemmas — and on to one problem that a lot of you have mentioned, in one way or another: what on earth do women want in bed, anyway? Well, answers differ like women differ, but a quick sampling of womens' opinions should give you a few clues. Take notes! Attention to a few details guarantees better sex for the both of you . . .**

"I may not have the perfect body — very few of us look like models! — but if a man makes me feel every inch of me is *beautiful,* whatever my shape, he's going to get the best sex he's ever had!" (This one's a frequent tip).

**"A combination of strength, urgency and tenderness gets me every time. There's just no aphrodisiac like it."**

"LOTS of foreplay — and his taking the time to find out what turns me on."

**"When he lies down on top of me, so I feel surrounded by him, wrapped around him, then he thrusts deeply and rhythmically, with his arms tightly around me. I feel him strongly inside me, plus my clitoris gets the intense rubbing I need. The best orgasms I've had came that way."**

"Sex with someone who won't feel threatened when I tell and show him what I want!"

**"I want him to let me know how excited I make him. A little moaning and groaning is exciting to hear, turns up the passion, generates more and more, which then turns things on more and more . . . see what I mean?"**

"It's thrilling stuff when he's *deliberate* in his lovemaking — a bit of teasing, lots of stroking — you can never have too much kissing! — taking pains to get me aroused, but at the same time, not making it seem choreographed! You know, I push this button, that's supposed to happen . . ."

**"Spontaneity, definitely! I love it when my boyfriend takes me, out of the clear blue sky, then and there, whether I'm in the kitchen, or watching TV, coming out of the shower! It's exciting, and makes me think he's always thinking of sex with me. That's a wonderful compliment for any woman."**

"I love to hear a man tell me in bed how desireable my breasts, my bum, my thighs are. It makes me feel uninhibited, because I realise that they probably aren't my best features. When I can believe him, I can relax, put my whole self into pleasing him and me — and practice all those red-hot techniques!"

**"Tell men I love to have my nipples, my clit and mouth sucked!"**

"Taking things s-l-o-w-l-y! Nothing's more arousing than that."

**"The best climax I ever had was with a man who wouldn't let me get away with anything, but kept *at* me, knowing I really needed time. He held back his own orgasm, and kept on until I finally gave up the last shred of resistance. And all the time, he had this sexy mischievous look, keeping my eyes glued to his. I was totally in his control, and I loved it! He really wanted me to come, and took command. I haven't come like that since! Wish he'd stop by . . .!"**

"Consideration, cuddling, cunnilingus!"

**"I have to admit liking an attractive body. It doesn't have to be Swarzenegger's — in fact, his is a real joke, as far as I'm concerned. But nothing can cool me down faster in bed than an overhanging belly and soft arms, Ugh! But then, a man who's too perfect looking makes me think he's vain, more interested in his own reflection and peformance."**

"A sense of playfulness is sexy. Means the guy is at ease with himself, with sex. Sex is, after all, great fun, as well as profound sometimes, too. Anyway, mix that with passion, and that's what I want. Oh, yes: and firm hands."

**"Timing's important — a lot of men I've been to bed with don't realise that. I want him to handle my clit gently and let everything build up, not rush things all the time and ruin my orgasm. A woman feels pressured enough as it is to come quickly; we just take longer, and that's that. Impatience makes the difference between a great lover and a boor."**

"Imagination, please. Not the same old position, time after time. Sometimes I was made to feel like he was doing me a *favour* by letting me get on top!"

**"If anyone strokes and plays with my hair while we're having sex — I'm his! I've got long hair and I love a man combing it with his fingers while we're in the grip of passion — very erotic. And someone who pulls me on top of him fiercely, from the beginning. It gives me a sense of power, like his sexual fulfillment's at my mercy."**

"Surprise me!"

**"He's *totally* absorbed in me, in what's happening between us. If the house began to burn down, he'd be oblivious . . ."**

"Eating me out like he has all the time in the world."

**"What excites me is when a man shows he's vulnerable in the sack, slightly anxious to please me, even slightly in awe of me. Gives me the idea that only I can turn him on."**

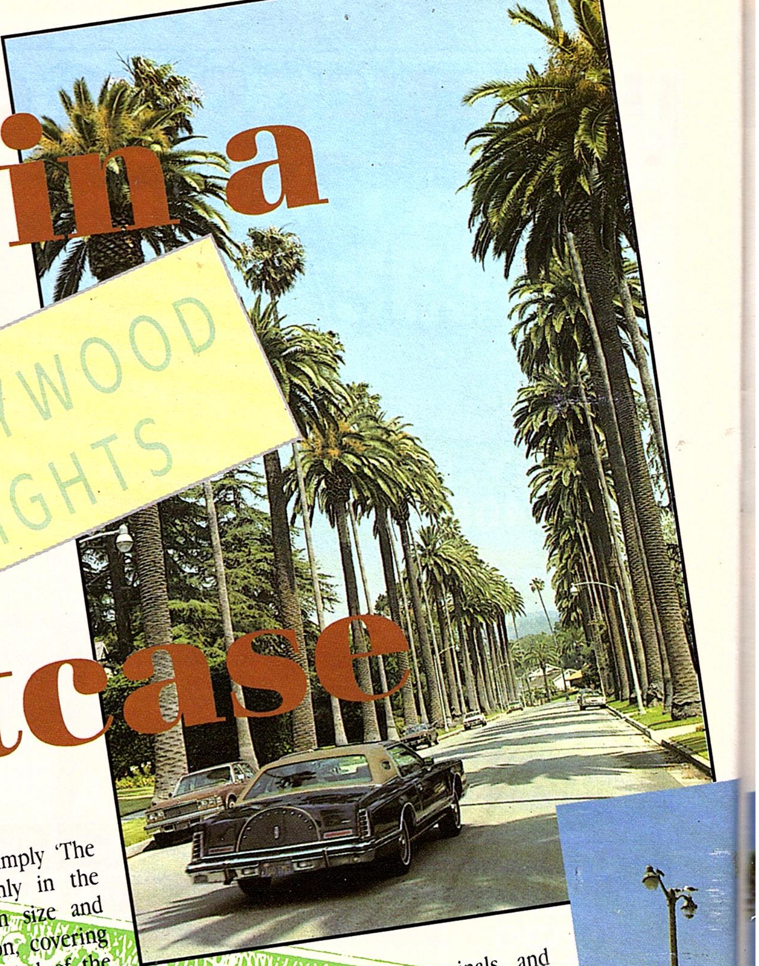
"I want my back stroked, and the inside of my arm, from my wrist to my elbow, slowly and gently — wow! And don't forget the hipbones. And licking my ribcage. And that dent that runs between my breasts, down to my navel."

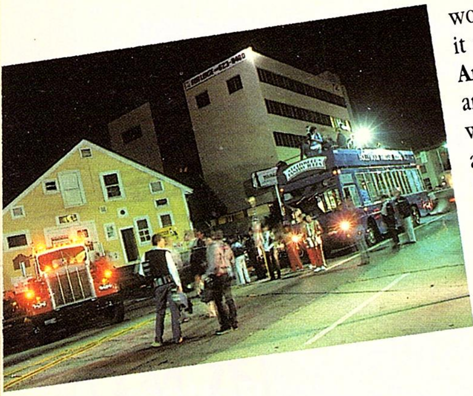
**"My fantasy of the perfect fuck? He'd undress me very slowly, sensuously, with his lips brushing my skin everywhere, wet tongue flicking at my nipples and soft nibbles and kisses on the inside of my thighs, underneath my breasts, back of my neck, lower back. I'd get a sense that he couldn't wait to have me, but that he was taking his and my time to an almost maddening degree, so I'd have the most shattering climax ever. His hands would be everywhere, not grabbing, but getting me all excited until . . . until . . . he'd just turn animal, not hold a thing back, grabbing my ass, devouring me, making us both come as he plunged into me, pushing himself against my labia, my lips — yes!"**

"Stroking my face and hair lovingly as I suck his cock!"

# Man in a suitcase

## HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS





Over the course of a year, our photographers visit a lot of locations with models. We thought it only made sense to include a little bijou guidette for those of you who intend to visit them yourselves. I know, sometimes we're just too thoughtful for words. KENNETH KINGDOM is the guy with the luggage fetish, red eyes and jet lag.

The name says it all. L.A. Or, simply 'The Place'! Los Angeles, second only in the United States to New York, in size and population. Home to 3.4 million, covering 464 square miles. The glitz capital of the world. If it's big, if it's 'in', if it's outrageous, it will be in **El Pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles** ('the city of the queen of the angels'), to give LA its original title when it was founded by a band of 44 Indian, Spanish and black settlers when it belonged to Mexico in 1781.

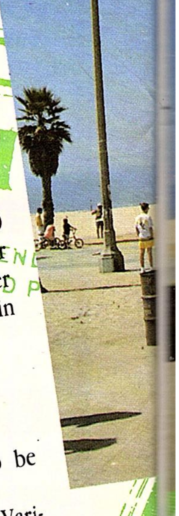
Today, it is 72 miles of sandy beaches, America's film and television capital, the business hub of the Pacific Rim, and a focal point of the aerospace and high-tech industries.

But LA is still 'The Place'. For the beaches, for nightlife, for eating out and eating in around the clock. Mind you, it has its problems. You do not walk along Sunset Boulevard at night-time, nor do you carry your credit cards out walking, or your billfold in your back pocket. But then the same could be said of New York, and even parts of London nowadays.

### Transportation

LAX stands for Los Angeles International Airport, 16 miles south west of downtown LA. Arriving passengers wanting ground transport should stand on the lower level island at the front of each terminal under the sign designating the particular service required – Taxi, LAX Shuttle, Bus Stop, Courtesy Tram. Approximate taxi fare from the airport to downtown is $28. Taxis do not cruise looking for fares. There are stands at the airport, bus terminals, and major hotels, or they may be ordered by phone. Flagdrop is $1.90, then an additional $1.60 per mile. Confirm cost before entering taxi, and use only those displaying an official emblem of city hall with taxi number.

The RTD bus is the most inexpensive way to get around LA. Basic fare is $1.10 (exact change insisted upon). For another 25 cents it is possible to buy a transfer allowing the rider to change buses within the time indicated.



### Guided Tours

The following five are reckoned to be among the best:

**Casablanca Tours** (213) 461 0156. Various sightseeing tours from 4 hours to all day.

**Starline/Gray Line Tours** (213) 856 5900. 19 different daily tours.

**Hollywood Fantasy Tours** (213) 469 8184. Hollywood tours $20, Beverly Hills $25

**Oskar J. Tours** (818) 785 4039. LA at Night, Universal Studios, Disneyland and City Tours from $27 to $70.

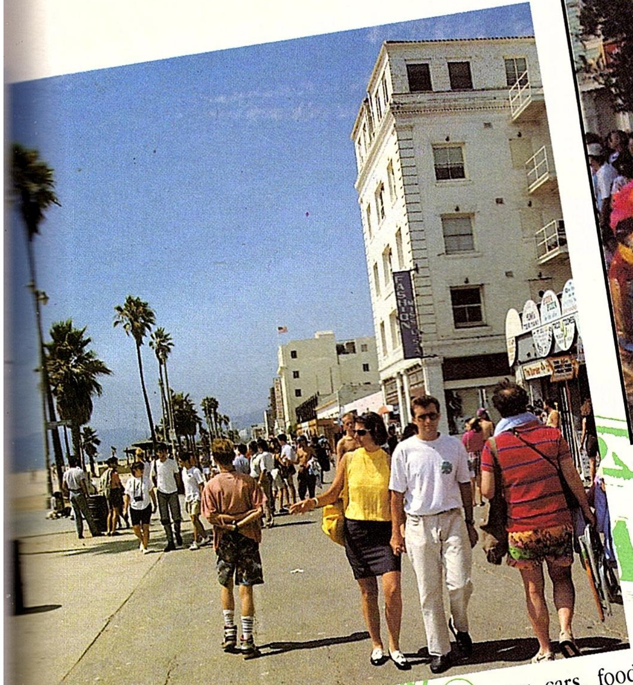
**Tour Shuttle Columbia** (213) 739 5757. City Tours, Universal Studios, Stars' Homes, Disneyland and Knott's Berry Farm. From $36 to $60.

## Visitor Information

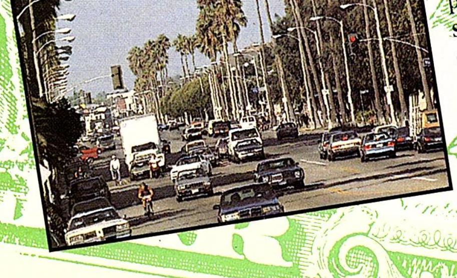
Downtown Los Angeles 695 S. Figueroa St (between Wilshire and 7th) (213) 689 8822.

## The Beaches

Let's discuss the beaches first. Where the prettiest girls in town wear the least but look their best! At the northern end of LA's costal region sits Malibu. Coming south there's Santa Monica, and Santa Monica Pier with its boardwalk of bumper cars, food stands and Edwardian carousel. The biggest nutters are on Venice beach – musclemen, performers (aren't we all?), panhandlers, sharks, and scammers – including the guy who will 'give' you the Holy Bible for fifty bucks!

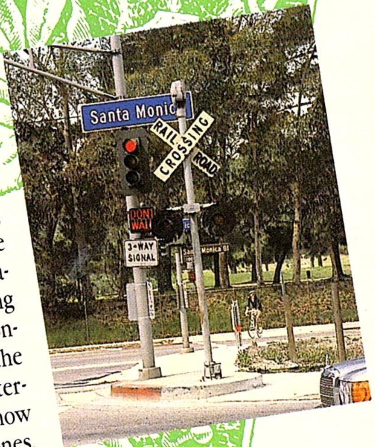


Marina del Rey houses the world's largest man-made harbour, Fisherman's Village next door is a fascinating reproduction of a New England whaling village. There is South Bay, King's Harbour and Redondo Beach, and the Pier.

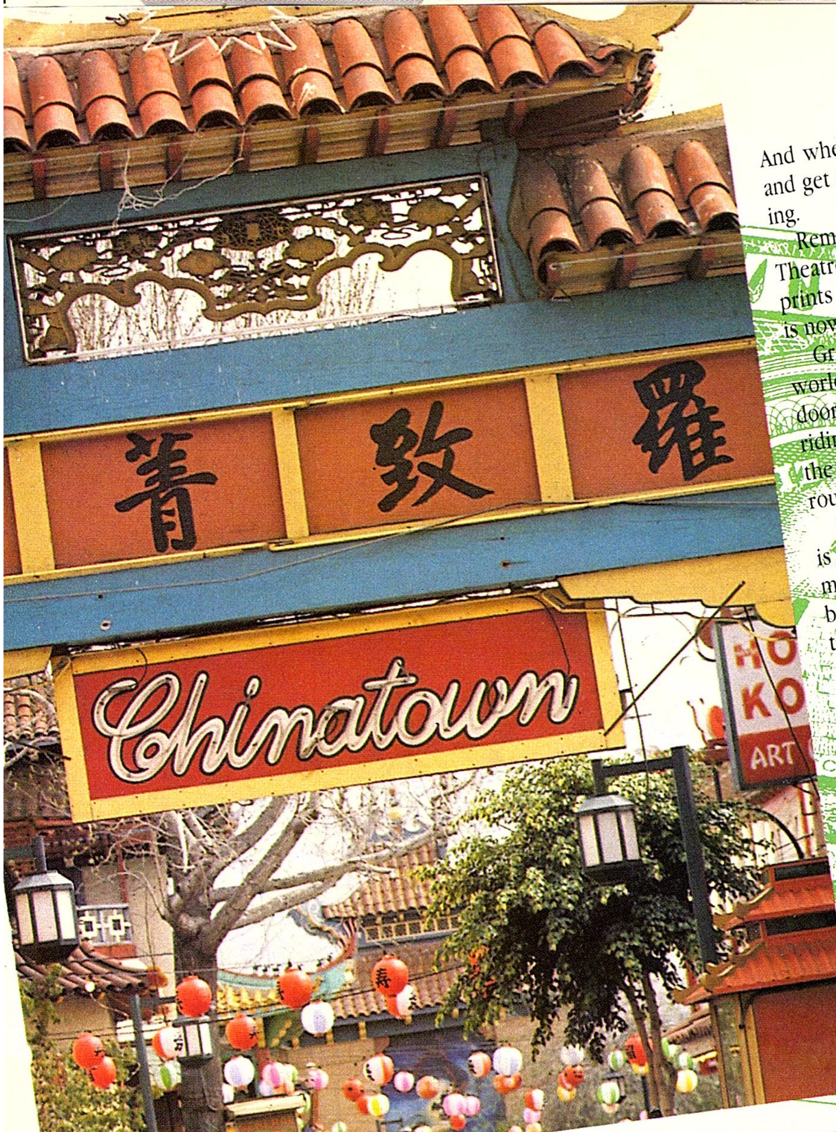


San Pedro, the last parade of beaches before LA itself, is a seaside community of hotels and restaurants. It has Port O'Calls village. Another psuedo New England replica transported to the west coast.

LA harbour is big and brash, as you might expect. The Korean Friendship Bell – the largest bell in the US – a 19 ton gift, hangs in a pavillion on San Pedro bluff, and is lit up at night . . . like most of the populace.



Los Angeles beaches are hives of activity. There is much posing and peacocking on the part of both sexes. Middle aged joggers, grey and drawn, stumble and gasp in the shallows. Sun-bronzed, honey-tanned, Amazonian muscle girls wear almost nothing other than looks of superiority and contempt for the male animal. There are the paragliders, the windsurfers, the waterskiers, the dinghy men, the yachting show offs, and the grizzled Hemingway clones, gold-carded up with all the latest deep sea fishing tackle, and there are the divorced legions of still attractive women in their thirties and forties lying on their sunbeds with silver shuttered sunglasses looking for the next permanent pay check.

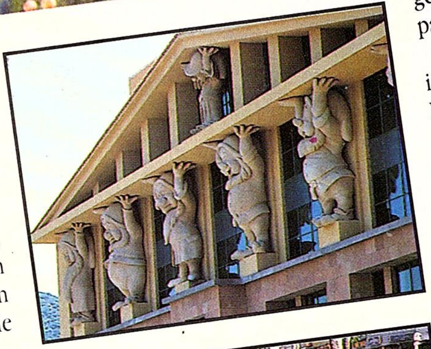


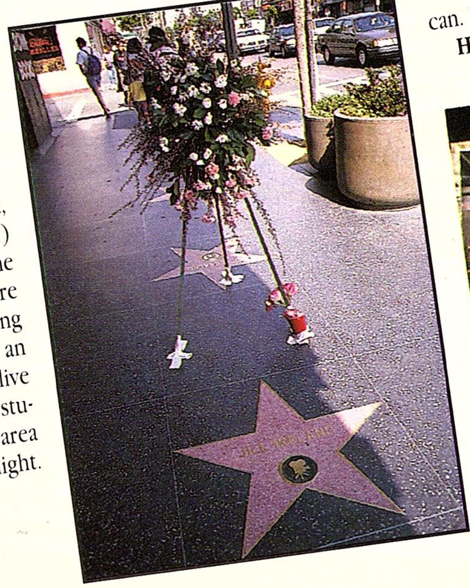
## Hollywood

Hollywood? It's there and it **has** to be seen! Be blasé if you like, but it is simply amazing looking at the undiluted opulence. A lot of Hollywood's golden era, from the 1930s to the 1950s – has been preserved, and, this being America, has been marketed down to the last diamante nipple cap.

The word, 'HOLLYWOOD', is picked out in 50 feet tall letters that are 30 feet wide. On Hollywood Boulevard there is the 'Walk of Fame' which has terrazzo and brass stars. No less than 1900 names of the greatest celebs in the entertainment pantheon.

For a real look at movie making in action, Universal Studios (what's left after the fire) takes you on a guided tram ride through the back lots of the oldest and largest picture complex in Hollywood. You meet King Kong, the killer shark from 'Jaws', and an 8.3 Richter scale earthquake. Museums, live stage theatres, major television and film studios, restaurants and hotels keep the area brimming with excitement day and night.



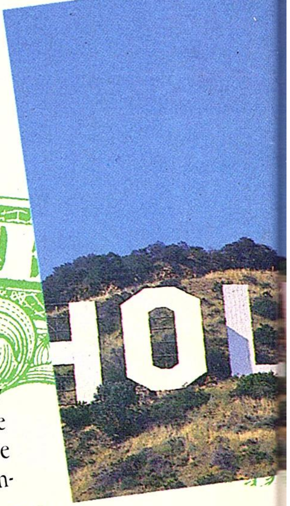


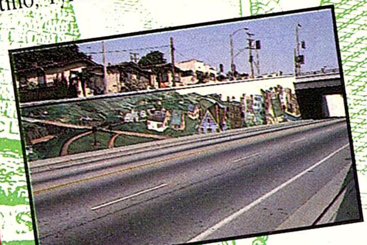
And when in Hollywood don't forget to try and get some free tickets for a TV show taping.

Remember, Graumann's Chinese Movie Theatre – where the stars' hand and footprints are embedded in the concrete yard – is now called Mann's.

Griffith Park – at 4107 acres one of the world's largest – is a day out in itself. Outdoor and indoor recreation: Tennis, horse riding, hiking, the LA Zoo, the Observatory, the Greek Theatre, golf, merry-go-rounds . . .

Even the Hollywood Memorial Cemetery is a popular visiting place. That's where most of the Hollywood all-time greats are buried, including Douglas Fairbanks, Valentino, Tyrone Power, and Cecil B. de Mille.





## Eating Out

### HOLLYWOOD

**Hampton's.** 1342 N. Highland Ave. Burgers, hot and cold sandwiches, fresh fish, pasta. Under $20 a head.

**Musso and Frank's Grill.** A Hollywood institution since 1919. 6667, Hollywood Blvd. Grilled meats and fish. $20-$35 a head.

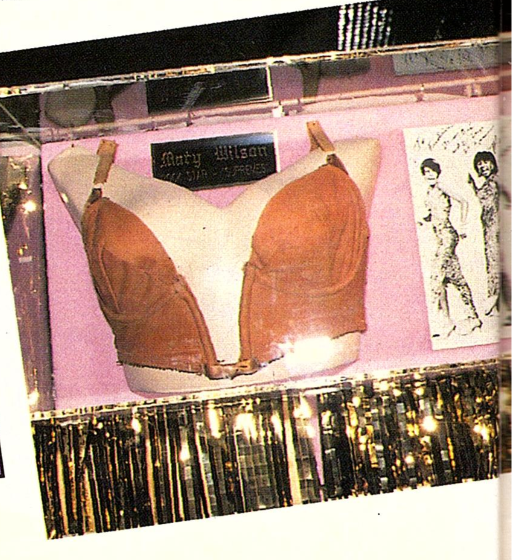
**Columbia Bar & Grill.** 1448, N. Gower. French/American. Expensive.

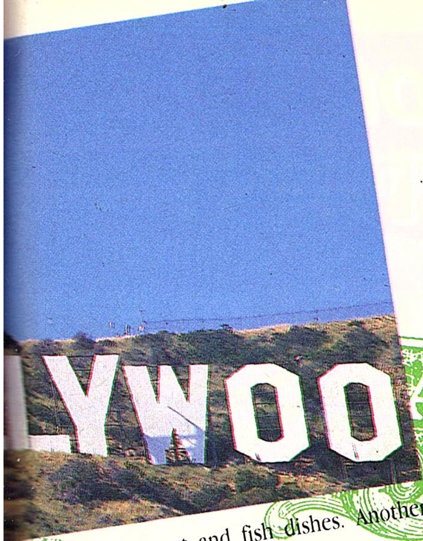
### DOWNTOWN

**ABC Seafood.** 708, New High Street. Chinese. Under $20 a head.

**Casa Carnitas.** 4067, Beverly Blvd. Mexican. Under $20 a head.

**Hunan.** 980, N. Broadway. Chinatown





CALIFORNIA
432 VIP

USA 25
Yosemite
USA 25
Yosemite

again. Spicy meat and fish dishes. Another cheap-o.

**Les Freres Taix.** 1911, Sunset Blvd. Short ribs. Under $20.

**Little Joe's.** 900, N. Broadway. One of LA's oldest restaurants. Italian.

**The Original Pantry.** 877, S. Figueroa. Open 24 hours. American Eclectic menu – lobster to corned beef hash!

**Tommy's.** 2575, Beverly Blvd. American. Legendary and crowded. Mid-priced, between $20-$35.

**Horikawa.** 111, S. San Pedro. Japanese. Sushi bar/Tepanyaki.

**LA Nicola.** Grilled meats and fish. Home-made soup. 4326, Sunset Blvd.

**Original Sonora Cafe.** 445, S. Figueroa. Mexican/South Western specialities including blue corn madeleines.

**Taylor's Prime Steaks.** 3361, W. Eighth. Porterhouses a speciality. Expensive. Over $35 a head.

**Adriano's.** 2930, Beverly Glen Circle, in the hills above Bel Air. Italian.

**Ivy at the Shore.** 1541, Ocean Ave Santa Monica. Popular with celebrities.

**Harry's Bar & American Grill.** 2020, Avenue of the Stars, Century City, Beverly Hills. Crowded before and after theatre performances.

**Pacific Dining Car.** 1310, W. Sixth St. Downtown. Open 24 hours. Specialises in beef.

## Nightlife

Los Angeles is full of strip joints similar to Soho. They're tacky, but the girls are good lookers because there's so much competition. Prices are strictly controlled so there is little room for ripping off the customer. Otherwise, there are 42 listed in the official LA guide.

**The Body Shop.** 8250, Sunset Blvd. Burlesque (strip) 7.30pm – 2am.

**The Comedy & Magic Club.** Comedians and magicians as the name implies. 1018, Hermosa Ave. Hermosa Beach.

**Fantasia.** 4th & S. Flower Streets. Futuristic nightclub with recorded music. Has a 1,000 sq ft dance floor. Happy Hour 4-8pm Monday-Friday.

**Improvisation.** Where the hottest young talents develop their skills. Bette Midler began here. 321, Santa Monica Blvd.

**Jazz Supper Club. Maria's Memory Lane.** 2323, W. Martin Luther King Jr Blvd. 9pm – 2am. The oldest jazz club in LA which serves great food too.

**Vertigo.** 333, S. Boylston St. The best disco in LA.

## Hotels/Motels

### DOWNTOWN

**Best Western Executive Motor Inn.** Mid-Wilshire. 603 S. New Hampshire at 6th. From $55 a night single, $60 double. All mod cons including pool and jacuzzi.

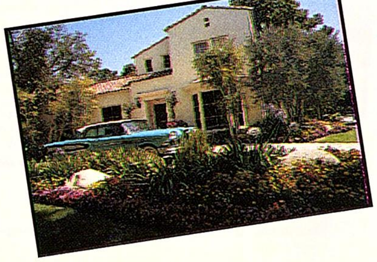
**Best Western Hotel Tokyo.** 328, E. 1st. Caters mainly for Japanese. $78-$95 single. $88-$105 double.

**Best Western Intowne Hotel.** 925, S. Figueroa. All mod cons, pool etc. $60-$70 single. $69-$86 double.

**City Center Motel.** 1135, W. 7th. $33-$35 single. $38-$40 double. Small, 42 rooms, also has pool.

**Holiday Inn Downtown.** 750, Garland. $82-$94 single. $95-$134 double. A convention hotel. Part of the complex.

**Howard Johnson's.** 1640, Marengo. $59 single. $67 double. Good value for money. Pool, courtesy coffee. Self service laundry.



**Hyatt Regency.** 711, S. Hope. $140-$195 single. $160-$215 double. What you would expect. Top business executives, located in heart of downtown/financial districts.

**Oasis Motel.** 2200, W. Olympic Blvd. $30-$34 single. $36-$44 double. Pool, courtesy coffee, travel agent discounts. It's good.

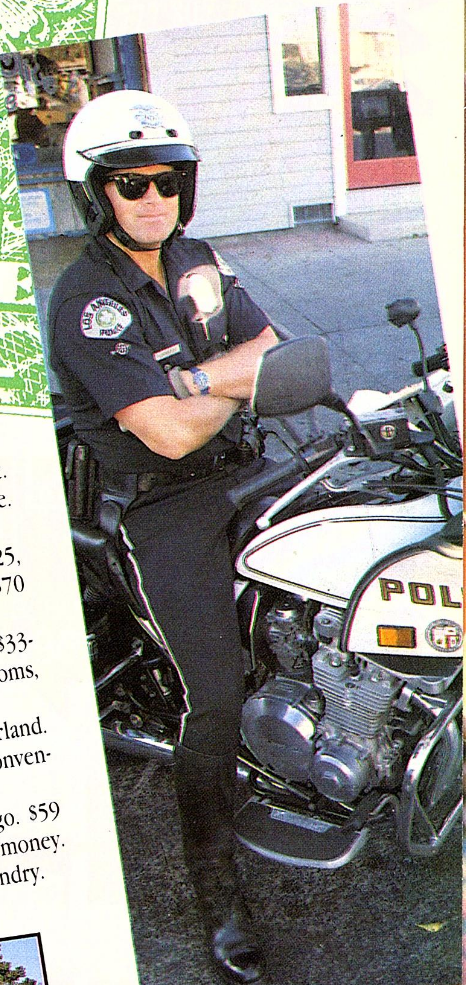
### HOLLYWOOD

**Devonshire Lodge Motel.** 7575, Beverly Blvd. Close to restaurants and shopping in Beverly Hills and Sunset Strip. $34-$38 single. $38-$44 double.

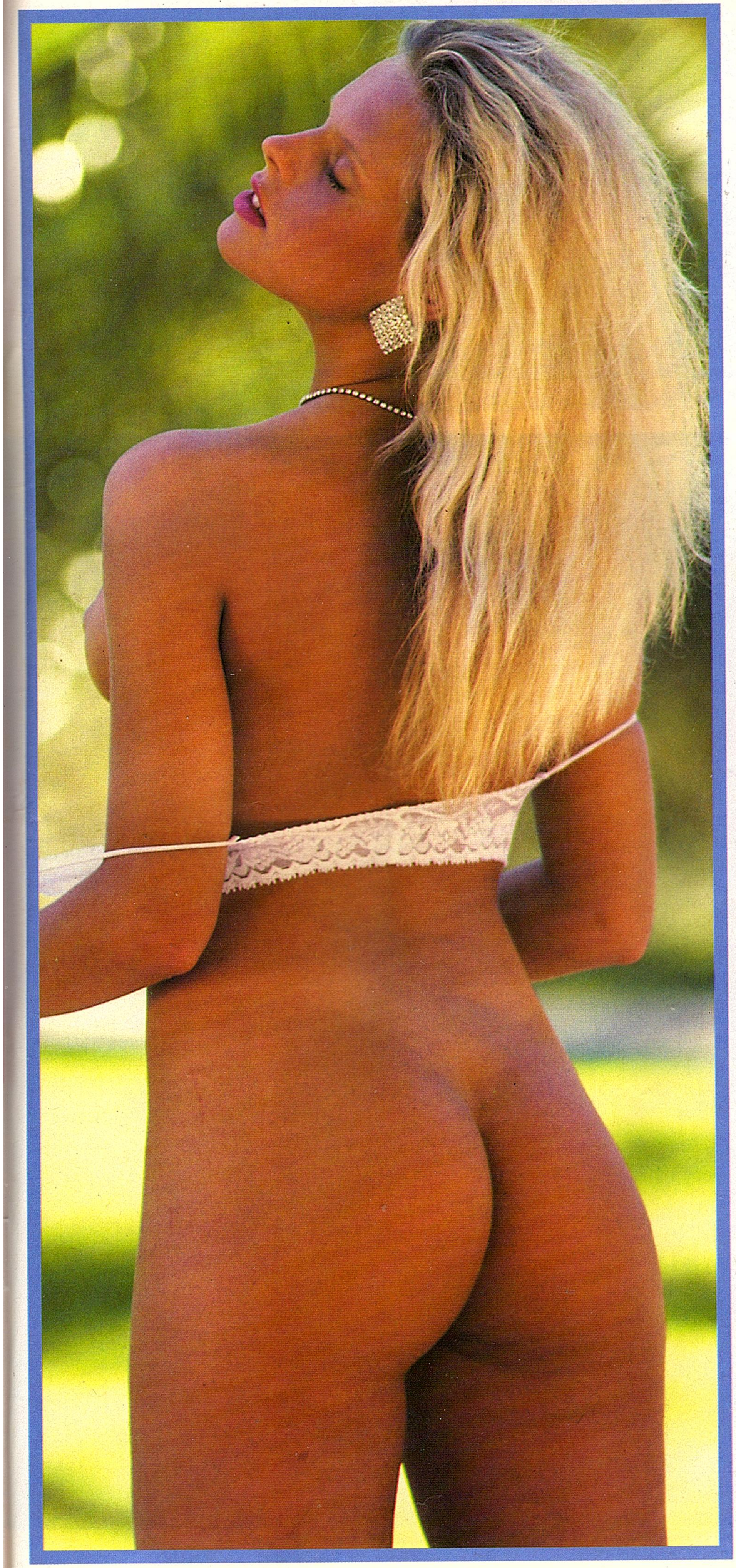
**Best Western Hollywood.** 6141, Franklin Ave. $54-$64 single. $59-$69 double.

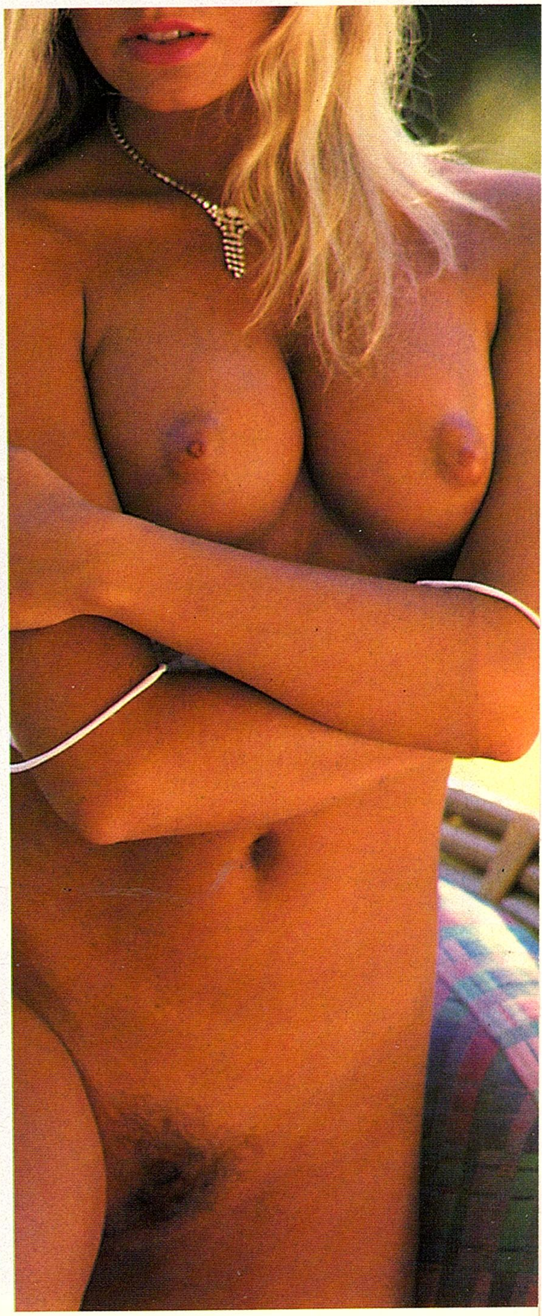
**Dunes Sunset Motel and Restaurant.** 5625, Sunset Blvd. No pool, but jacuzzi, self service laundry and all the rest. $54-$59 single. $45-$59 double.

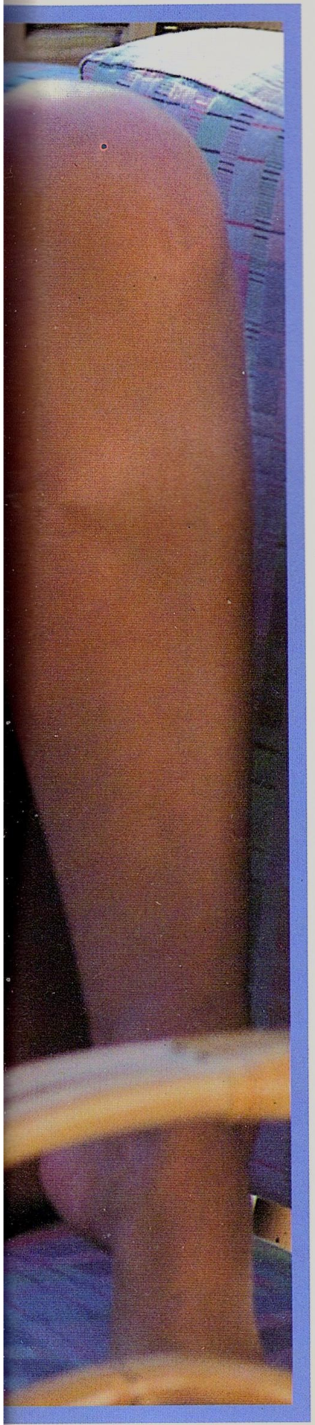
**Bel Age Hotel.** 1020, N. San Vincente Blvd. West Hollywood. For the stinking rich! Suites only. From $225 to $530 a night. 3 phones and TV in bathroom.



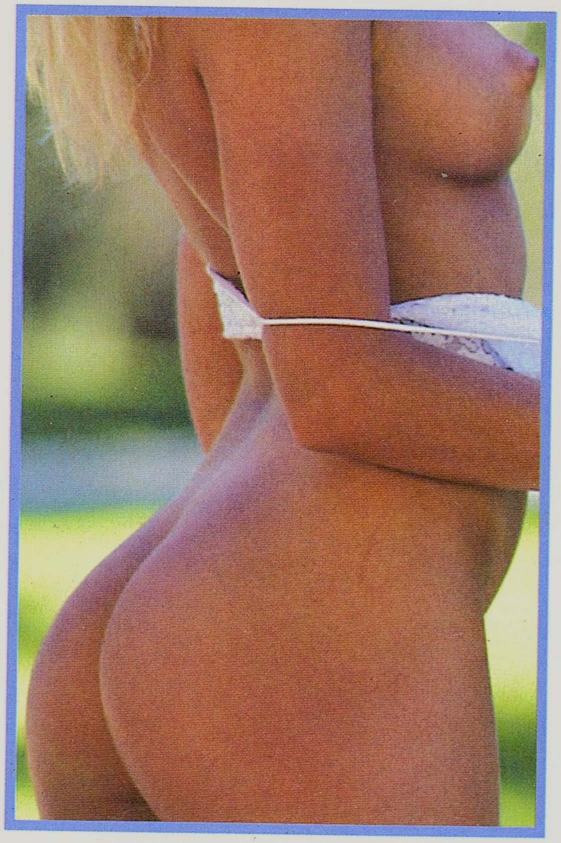
# tippy







*Tippy. Unusual name for an unusual girl. An ex-Bantam weight kick boxer, auto-giro pilot and brain surgeon, Tippy leads a full and happy life on a sheep farm in Nepal, where she breeds prize winning pansies and cucumbers. In her spare time, Tippy likes nothing more than to contact the spirit of Albert Einstein and bicker about the Theory of Relativity. With all that in her life, we were fairly surprised when she called us up and offered to come in for a small fee and display her pudenda for all and sundry. Well, I guess she gets bored easily in Nepal.*



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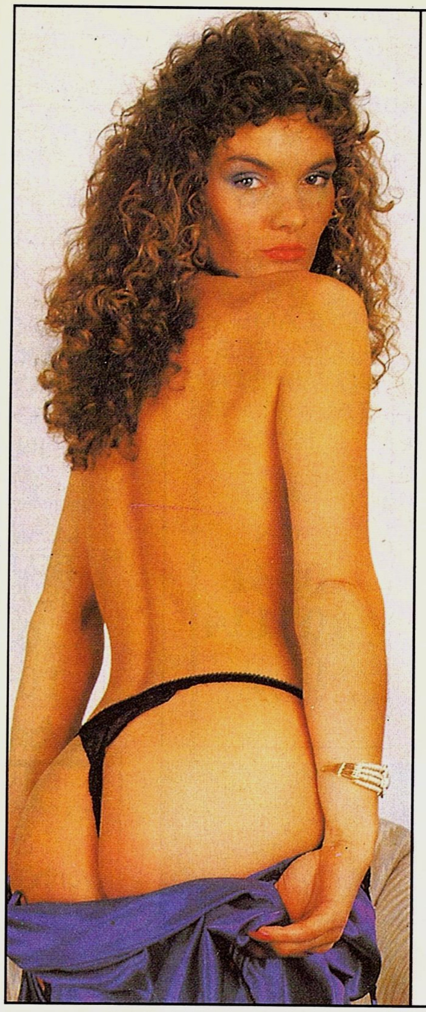

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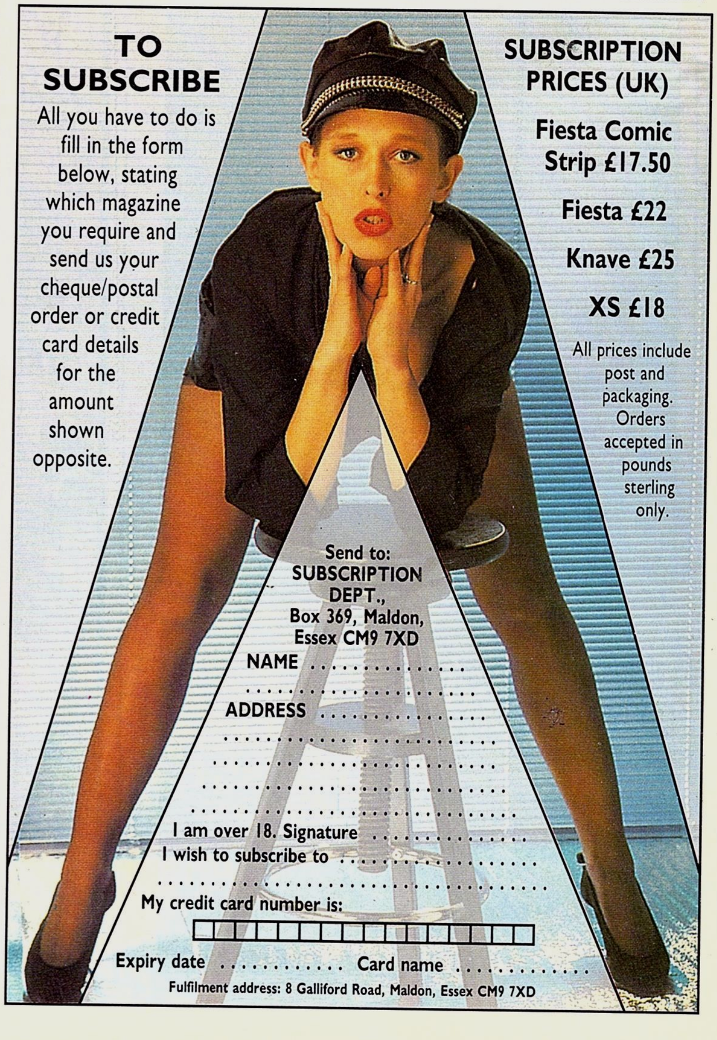

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